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## CONTENTS.

KOSSUTH—THE ORATOR.

THE OLD GUARD OF NAPOLEON.—The Guard Mourning for Washington—Napoleon on Suicide—The Old Guard at Elba—at Texas.

MR. GILMER'S LITERARY PROGRESS OF GEORGIA.—The Story of Austin Dabney—Misery vanquished by Courage and Intellect—Ichabod Cranes of Georgia—Josiah Tattnall—Meriwether Lewis—Ell Whitney and Ned Lyon.

MR. JAMES'S "AIMS AND OBSTACLES."

THE WITCH DOCTOR.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

MR. BOHN'S PUBLICATIONS.

MARKE AND REMARKS.—Editor's Table—The Kossuth Addresses—Press Dinner—The Lectures—Dr. Holmes—Dr. Raphael on Hungary—The Aztec Children—International Copyright—The Cooper Monument.

THE FIRST SNOW ON THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS. By REV. L. L. Noble.

TOUR IN OREGON, BY A RESIDENT IN THAT TERRITORY. THE QUEEN'S OPERA. By T. Carlyle. (*Loa Keepsake*.)

A NEW POEM BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

A THOUGHT OR TWO ON "PENDENNIS."

FINE ARTS.

POEM BY MRS. BALHANNO.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

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## KOSSUTH—THE ORATOR.

The topic of the week is still KOSSUTH. Though it is not the province of this journal to entertain discussions of a temporary political character, we are summoned to pay our respects to the illustrious Magyar by many considerations within our sphere. It is our duty to review books of history and pass judgment upon their principles, and in the proceedings of Kossuth we have History, as Lord Bacon phrases it, "in the making." It is our privilege to record every great intellectual movement in the nation, and certainly no book that has been published, no machine which has been invented of late years, has done more to quicken the intellect of the nation purely as a mental exercise, than the keen logical acumen, the subtle philosophical distinctions, the ample and invigorating air of noble perceptions in Kossuth's speeches. It is to be observed of him, as of all great minds,—Burke's for instance and Webster's—that he constantly rises from the particular fact of the occasion to the expression of a general truth. He sows everywhere broad-east the seeds of great principles in the most invincible proverbs. His eloquence is a quiver of the arrows of all nations, from which each winged word is sent forth with instinctive sagacity and unerring force. The accomplishment of doing all this successfully amidst the difficulties of a foreign language and in the midst of distracting perplexities in a strange country, would be no trifling achievement, but these things are lost sight of in the greater wonder of the thing itself. His eloquence becomes impersonal. It is the voice of Duty—

Stern daughter of the voice of God—speaking to the human race. The lesson may not be learned and practised at once; it may even for a while in particular instances be impracticable; impolitic; inexpedient; but it must be felt that Kossuth in his appeals to the American people penetrates to the very heart of our national vitality. In no vainglorious spirit must this nation recognise that it is intrusted with the fore-

most privileges in the advance of the world. It may be a long time before they reach Hungary, and M. Kossuth's dreams of liberty may still remain "amiable impracticabilities," but we may get new strength by properly appreciating them.

Several European journals have simultaneously revived for Kossuth the memory and name of Peter the Hermit, as he summons the world to the emancipation of his native land. There was no exaggeration in the few words in which this wonderful phenomenon was recognised the other day in the Senate by Mr. Sumner, whose good fortune it was to have such a theme for a maiden speech. "I see in him," said he, "more than in any other living man, the power that may be exerted by a single earnest, honest soul in a noble cause. In himself he is more than a whole Cabinet, more than a whole army. I watch him in Hungary, while, like Carnot in France, he organizes victory. I follow him in exile, to distant Asiatic Turkey, and there find him, though with only a scanty band of attendants, in weakness and confinement, still the dread of despots. I sympathize with him in his happy release; and now, as he comes more within the sphere of our immediate observation, amazement fills up all in the contemplation of his career—while he proceeds from land to land, from city to city, and, with words of matchless eloquence, seems at times the fiery sword of freedom, and then the trumpet of resurrection to the nations—'Tuba mirum spargens sonum!'

With a single instance or two of the quick revealing intellect, in M. Kossuth's New York speeches, we must leave much unsaid which the occasion naturally gives rise to, but which the speciality of our paper forbids us to enter upon. In his reply to the European Democratic procession, composed in part of Socialists, he answered—"I am not a Socialist; for Democracy is a principle, Socialism is but a system, the application of which is to be subordinated to the situation of different countries." When it was remarked at a late hour at the recent Corporation Dinner that Irishmen had not been alluded to in his speech, he replied to the purpose, that he had been addressing the People of the United States, and that he might presume Irishmen to be of that number—a sound rebuke, by the way, to the egotistical pretensions of certain of them.

There is not a thin single vein in these speeches but many truths are dropped by the way. How well this was shown in his remarks on the American Constitution: "May every citizen of your glorious country for ever remember that a partial discomfort of a corner, in a large, sure, and comfortable house, may be well amended without breaking the foundation of it, and that, amongst all possible means of getting rid of that partial discomfort, the worst would be to burn down the house with his own hands." What freshness in the illustration of the early days of our country: "In those times of the foundation of the United States you were an infant people, and the large dress of your comparatively then not large

territory hung loose over your puerile limbs." We observe here the etymological force of his language; he overlooks the secondary associations of words, and draws straight from the fountain head of the language. "Never," says he grandly, "was a country more wantonly offended than Hungary is."

Now a blast of the *tuba mirum spargens sonum*, in words the inversion and direct force of which we have rarely heard in the English language since Milton's prose, a passage in the *Areopagitica* of which the following very much resembles:—"And I, standing here before you to plead the cause of oppressed humanity—I resolutely declare that there may, perhaps, never again come a time when the elevation of your policy to the high level of principles identified with liberty, could prove either more glorious to you, or more beneficial to humanity; because we in Europe are apparently on the eve of that day, when either the hopes or the fears of oppressed nations will be crushed for a long time." Again: "If the cause of my people is not sufficiently just to insure the protection of God, and the support of good-willing men—then there is no just cause, and no justice on earth. Then the blood of no new Abel will move towards Heaven. The genius of Charity, Christian Love, and Justice will mournfully fly the earth; a heavy curse will upon morality fall—oppressed men despair, and only the Cains of humanity walk proudly, with impious brow, about the ruins of liberty on earth." In his reply to the important Baltimore delegation—"Allow me to remark that the word Glory must be blotted out from the Dictionary, in respect to individuals, and only left there in respect to nations." Why busy ourselves in antique studies, over the sweetness of Socrates, the impulse of Demosthenes, or even the fire of Chat-ham, if these do not teach us to recognise the eloquence of our own age! We need Imagination in the present.

Kossuth's adaptability to the special occasion has been shown a hundred times within the few days of his arrival in this country. At midnight, in his staggering ship's cabin, in his still reeling bed-chamber ashore, in the breezy nor'wester on Major Hagadorn's "beautiful but exposed island," from steamboats, from balconies—to Dr. Bangs, to the Rev. Dr. Cox, to George Copway, to John C. Calhoun, to press men, type men, college students, anti-slavery men, red republicans, including all the motley harvesting of his fame in a great city, he has ever the safe, prudent, eloquent reply. He has domesticated a hitherto unknown country in the affections of our people, and broken through the usual limits of years and the dissociable ocean. His sympathies with America are as ardent as his visions of Hungary. What higher honor could he pay the country than this revival of a day almost forgotten by Americans, but which was fresh in his memory—the Day of Washington's Death? In his reply to the Newburgh Delegation, appropriately setting forth its claims by its associations with

Washington—"If I am not mistaken we are within four days of the anniversary of his death. The 14th day of December is the day on which Washington died; that day ought not to be a day of mourning and sorrow, because to die is the fate of every man, and Washington was subject to the common fate of humanity as well as others. But to see a man die in his full age—going down the horizon as clear and pure as he did, and had reason to do—that is a circumstance that must fill with joy the hearts of such a people as you are. Such was the halo of glory that surrounded the death of Washington, and the anniversary of his departure from this life is not a day of mourning and sorrow."

#### LITERATURE.

##### THE OLD GUARD OF NAPOLEON.\*

THE "Old Guard" is of the right military stamp, worked up in the familiar melodramatic style in which Mr. Headley is unquestionably an expert. The "Old Guard" is but a variation of the well known popular air of *Vive Napoleon*, which once and again has been tuned to great effect, and which is never struck up without enlivening the enthusiasm of the multitude and bringing showers of pennies into the fiddler's hat. Somewhat damaged in reputation on the Boulevards by Lamartine's recent brilliant volumes and the shattered prestige of the monarchical President, Napoleon would seem to be still in the ascendant in America; besides the present publication, Mr. Abbott running the old story triumphantly as ever as the unfailing attraction of a popular monthly magazine. And this, after all the efforts of the Peace Society which M. Kossuth perplexed so sadly the other day at Manchester!

Mr. Headley always assumes a popular subject, whether it be a sentiment or an idol; he avails himself by a ready acquisitiveness of all the information within easy reach, adopts what may answer his purpose in feeding the popular appetite, scrupulously rejects all that may not, and spicing it with his own peculiar *sauce piquante*, serves up the dish to the popular taste. He accepts the showy, and refuses the substantial. He takes care not to puzzle his readers with the perplexities of thought, or wring their morality with conscientious scruples. A popular idol in this author's hands is in good keeping; Mr. Headley is not like those lukewarm priests in the Sandwich islands of whom Mr. Melville writes, who allow their gods to decay and perish from age, neglect, and want of paint; he keeps his idols in order, rubs off the mildew, stops the flaws, and is busy with the paint pot.

In Mr. Headley's popular narratives, it is hardly necessary to say, that we do not find what history demands, fulness and exactness of statement and philosophical analysis of event and character. Mr. Headley's historical productions are gaudy panoramic views of those parts of history that are easily available for popular effect and melodramatic presentation. If this was all, we might summarily dispose of Mr. Headley's books by quietly dropping them to that rank in literature to which they belong, but which is not, probably, the position their admirers would claim for them. But this is not all; there is an apparent tendency to flatter the

coarse instincts of readers, by tawdrily displaying what such instincts fatten on and studiously reserving what such instincts starve on, by showily exhibiting the equivocal glories of war and battle, the striking exploits of military chieftains, and throwing into the shade the vices of men, the stern facts and truths, the morality of History.

*Criard*, which Thackeray aptly translates *loud*, is applied by the French to everything in dress, extravagant in pattern or color; it may be appropriately applied, we think, to Mr. Headley's style. Mr. Headley peppers his descriptions with such hot spice as *vomiting fire, bloody baptism, bloody ranks, crashing with murderous effect, blood-stained, thundered, iron ranks, swept on, staggering under fire, moved on, men of mist, men of snow, &c.* It is surprising how much work Mr. Headley gets out of this fiery but meagre battalion of words. Under the skilful generalship of Mr. Headley, they, like the Old Guard, carry the day on every field of battle.

The "Old Guard" of Mr. Headley takes us again over the familiar ground of Napoleon's campaigns from the battle of Marengo to the fatal Waterloo, and the book is of course a repetition of others and of Mr. Headley himself. Beyond some slight history of the origin and organization of the "Guard," there is nothing new. Mr. Headley professes to a free use of the work of St. Hilaire on the Imperial Guard, but he has, with his usual sense of popular effect, availed himself more freely of the showy than the substantial, and has dazzled the excitable fancy of his readers with false glitter and tickled their emotional enthusiasm with sensuous delight, instead of correcting their judgments or informing their understanding. Mr. Headley has evidently read Lamartine's last book with an eye to his own, and goes with him over the same ground, we need not say, *impari passu!* He adopts a picturesque anecdote from Lamartine without reference, and thus makes himself jointly responsible with the French historian, who has been charged with getting up the story for mere pictorial effect.

We select some passages in the history of the Guard:—

##### THE GUARD MOURNING FOR WASHINGTON.

"The troops having passed, Napoleon mounted with a bold step the stairs of the Tuilleries, that none but a king ever before dared to occupy. It was a hazardous move on the part of the young chief of the republic, thus to foreshadow his future designs. He felt it to be such, and to offset this assumption of regal splendor, a few days after he issued the following decree to the Consular Guard: 'Washington is dead! This great man has fought against tyranny, and consolidated the liberty of his country. His memory will always be dear to the French people, as to all free men in both hemispheres, and especially to the French soldiers, who, equally with the American soldiers, fight for liberty and equality. The First Consul, therefore, decrees that for ten days black crape shall be hung on the standards and colors of the Consular Guard.'"

##### NAPOLEON ON SUICIDE.

"Two grenadiers having committed suicide, he added the following note to the order of the day. 'The grenadier Gaubin has committed suicide from disappointment in love; he was in other respects a good subject. This is the second event of the kind that has happened to the corps in a month. The First Consul ordains that it shall be affixed to the order of the Guard that a soldier ought to know how to overcome

the grief and melancholy arising from his passions; that to bear with constancy the pains of the soul, shows as much true courage as to rest fixed and immovable under the fire of a battery. To abandon one's self to chagrin without resistance, to slay one's self to get rid of it, is to desert the battle-field before the victory.'"

##### THE OLD GUARD IN TEXAS.

"The expedition, nearly two hundred strong, left Philadelphia the 17th of December, at seven o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Galveston island the 18th of January. Here they embarked to wait for Lallemand, and constructed huts of reeds and pieces of timber thrown ashore from shipwrecked vessels—surrounding the whole with a fosse—to protect their bivouac from the attacks of savages. On the 20th of March, Lallemand arrived with some sixty more, from New Orleans. Four days after, they started for the 'Champ d' Asile,' in ten large launches, which they had bought of a pirate.

"The 'Champ d' Asile,' was a taking name—it spoke of rest and quiet after the troubled and wandering life of the last two years, but the spot itself was desolate enough. In those vast solitudes surrounded by wild beasts and rattlesnakes and implacable Indians, these veteran officers of the Old Guard were to make themselves a home. To dishearten them still more, the fleet of boats which on their arrival they had sent back after the provisions, remained absent a month.

"The exiles, however, put on a cheerful countenance, and commenced their organization. Three cohorts of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, were formed to defend the colony and maintain order, while fortifications were erected to protect them from the attacks of the Spaniards and Indians. The last time those officers had superintended the erection of fortifications, was on some great battle-field of Europe; now they were laboring with their own hands in the wilds of Texas. Their camp was guarded with the same scrupulous care they were wont to guard their bivouac, when Napoleon was in their midst. Then all were officers, while now all but a few ranked as common soldiers. This little army of officers spent a good deal of its time in manoeuvring and military exercises.

"For the generals, superior officers, and women, large huts were constructed, but all the others bivouacked as they did in Poland, during the campaigns of Eylau and Friedland, eating their meals from wooden trenchers. To drive away wild animals an enormous fire, made of fallen trees, was kept constantly burning, around which, at all hours of the day, groups of veterans could be seen telling stories of the past and awakening the memory of by-gone deeds of fame. The environs of the fire these exiles jocosely called the 'Palais Royal,' and those who told stories and related adventures, the fops that promenaded it. Lallemand would often come to this 'Palais Royal,' and relate conversations he had had with Napoleon in the closing up of his career. In the forests of Russia and in many a desolate spot those exiles had ordered just such a fire built in the midst of their squares, and now as they recalled those scenes, they could almost see the form of Napoleon standing before it, as he was wont to do, with his hands crossed behind him and his stern brow knit in deep thought. The past came back with renewed freshness."

These are passages which show that Mr. Headley can turn his enthusiasm to good account in enlivening a somewhat exhausted narrative.

The following, in this quieter vein, shows our author not insensible to the charms of ease and simplicity:—

##### THE OLD GUARD AT ELBA.

"One day on entering the barracks of his Guard, while they were preparing dinner, he

\* The Imperial Guard of Napoleon: from Marengo to Waterloo. By J. T. Headley. Charles Scribner.

said pleasantly to a group standing near him, 'Well, my grumbler, is the soup good to-day?'

'Yes, my Emperor,' said one of the old scarred veterans, 'but it would be better if—'

'If what?' replied Napoleon, 'is not the meat good, and the vegetables, are they tough?'

'On the contrary,' responded the grenadier, 'the meat and vegetables are excellent, but one thing is wanting which it is not in your power to give.'

'What's that, speak, let us see?' demanded Napoleon impatiently.

'Water of the Seine to boil them in,' said the veteran coolly, and without changing a muscle of his countenance.

Napoleon smiled bitterly at the hit, exclaiming, as he walked away, 'Bah! bah! one can eat a partridge very well without an orange. You are too much of a gourmet.'

At another time as he was walking at evening, as he was accustomed to do, backwards and forwards through the long avenues of sycamores that bordered the grounds of his palace toward the sea, he came suddenly upon an old grenadier sitting at the foot of a tree looking very melancholy.

'What are you doing here alone?' he demanded brusquely; 'what are you thinking about?'

The soldier sprang to his feet with the military salute, and seeing a smile on the Emperor's face replied frankly, 'I was thinking, my Emperor, of my country, and I said to myself, this is the close of the harvest time there.'

'From what country are you?'

'From Antram, four little leagues from Rennes, in Brittany.'

'Brittany,' exclaimed Napoleon, 'is a very good country, a country of brave men, but a villainous heaven, it always rains there, while here the climate is sweet, the days are superb, and the sky resplendent. The isle of Elba is a much better place to live in than Brittany.'

'My Emperor,' replied the home-sick old soldier, 'I am too honest to deceive you, but saving your majesty, I love the rain which falls at Antram better than the beautiful days of Elba, it is my idea, and I may say it without offending your majesty.'

'But,' continued Napoleon, 'why don't you amuse yourself like your comrades? You have leisure, the wine is good, and you have the theatre to divert you; go to the theatre.'

'That's true, my Emperor, but the pieces at the theatre do not equal those *punchinello*s of the boulevards of the Temple—that's something amusing.'

'Ah, well,' said Napoleon, as he walked away, 'have patience; perhaps some day you will see again the boulevards of the Temple and its *punchinello*s.'

#### EARLY MANNERS IN GEORGIA.\*

LAST summer, Ex-governor Gilmer, of Georgia, agreeably and profitably improved the occasion of the semi-centennial anniversary of Franklin College at Athens, by presenting a retrospect of some of the manners and customs of the state, directly or incidentally connected with the topic of education. This was done in so unusually frank, genial, and instructive a way that we may recommend his Address as a model to gentlemen of middle age and more than middling experiences, who may be called upon to commemorate eras of this kind. Courageously avoiding all attempts at what is called academic display, he forbore the ordinary, stale reproduction of lecture-room

commonplaces, or the empty flights of merely ingenious rhetoric, to reproduce before his audience a picture of the quaint, homely, actual lives of their ancestors. What Georgia had been in the last fifty years he described. Some of the traits were sufficiently ludicrous; in others there was a simple pathos, honorable to the narrator as to the subject of the story. Of the latter class was the following, one of those touching tales of the heart which relieve the history of human nature under all circumstances and in every age:—

#### THE STORY OF AUSTIN DABNEY.

Many years before the Revolutionary war, a Virginia gentleman of the old school resided upon his plantation, not many miles from Richmond. He was a bachelor of long standing, who indulged in card-playing, drinking, horse-racing, and other dissolute practices. His wealth consisted in a large landed estate, and a great number of negroes, who had either descended to him, or been born his. No white person lived with him, except a little girl, whose parentage was unknown to the neighbors. When this bachelor gentleman left home upon his frolics, this little girl remained under the care of a negro mammy. She grew up with a sort of nurture, until she ceased to be a child; knowing scarcely any one except the old bachelor, and the negroes of his household. Suddenly and secretly the old gentleman left his plantation, taking with him this girl. He went to North Carolina, where he remained some time with a man by the name of Aycock. Aycock afterwards removed to Georgia, along with the emigrants from North Carolina, who first settled Wilkes county. When the contest between the Whigs and Tories became a struggle for the lives of all, men, women, and children, Aycock was called upon to do his part in defending his fireside. From the time when he was required to fight, he saw a terrible Tory constantly pointing a loaded gun at him. Fearing to face the danger, he offered as a substitute a mulatto lad who had previously passed as his slave, but whom he acknowledged to be free, when he found that he would not otherwise be received as a soldier. The lad was stout and resolute: he was enrolled in his captain's company by the name of Austin Dabney. No soldier under Clark did better service during the Revolutionary struggle. In the battle of Kettle Creek, the hardest ever fought in Georgia between the Whigs and Tories, Austin Dabney was shot down, and left on the battle ground, very dangerously wounded. He was found, carried home, and taken care of by a man by the name of Harris, who lived close by. It was long before Austin Dabney recovered. Gratitude for the kindness which he had received became the ruling feeling of his heart. He worked for Harris and his children, and served them more faithfully and efficiently than any slave ever served a master. He moved with them from Wilkes county to Madison, soon after the latter county was organized. He sent his benefactor's oldest son to school, and afterwards to this College, by the hard earnings of his own hands. He lived upon the poorest food, and wore old, patched clothes, that he might make young Harris a gentleman. When Harris left Franklin College, Austin Dabney placed him in the office of Stephen Upson, then at the head of the legal profession in upper Georgia. When Harris was examined at the Superior Court of Oglethorpe county, took the oath of admission to the bar, and received the fraternal shake of the hand from the members of the profession, Austin Dabney was standing outside, leaning on the railing which inclosed the Court; two currents of tears trickling down his mulatto face, from the remembrance of the kindness which he had received, and thankfulness for the power which had been given him to do something in return.

Stephen Upson was a member of the Legislature when the surveys of public land, which were too small to be drawn for in the lottery of 1819, were disposed of by law. Austin Dabney had not been permitted to have a chance in the lottery, with the other soldiers of the Revolutionary war. Stephen Upson used his controlling influence in the Legislature to procure the passage of a law, giving to Austin Dabney a valuable fraction. One of the members from Madison county voted for the law. At the next election, the people of that county were excited into the hottest party contest by this conduct of their representative. It was thought an indignity to white men, that a mulatto should be put upon an equality with them in the distribution of the public lands, though not one had done better service.

The United States Government allowed Austin Dabney a pension, on account of his limb, which was broken at the battle of Kettle Creek. Austin Dabney went once a year to Savannah to draw his pension. On one occasion he travelled thither with Col. Wiley Pope, a citizen of wealth, his neighbor and friend. They were very intimate and social on the road, and until they entered the streets of Savannah. As they were passing along through the city, Col. Pope observed to Austin Dabney that he was a sensible man, and knew the prejudices which forbade his associating with him in city society. Austin Dabney checked his horse and fell in the rear, after the fashion of mulatto servants following their masters. They passed by the house of Gen. James Jackson, the Governor of the State. He was standing in his door as Col. Pope rode by; he suffered him to pass without notice. Recognising Austin Dabney, he ran into the street—seized him by the hand—drew him from his horse, and carried him into his house; where he made him stay as his guest, whilst his business kept him in Savannah. Georgia's patriot hero, and her faithful mulatto soldier, were devoted friends of Franklin College, and deserve to be remembered on this day of her festivity.

Alongside of this, a product, as Mr. Gilmer justly remarks, of that spirit of literature which Austin Dabney was a means of awakening, we may record the following instance of humanity, which recalls to us a passage quoted in our last number, from good Dr. Chalmers:—

#### MISERY VANQUISHED BY COURAGE AND INTELLECT.

About 1810, a Methodist preacher died, leaving his wife and several children without property, and dependent upon the exertions of his widow for their support. The youngest son had this dependence increased by an attack of disease which made him a deformed cripple for life. His feet and legs were so contracted as to rest upon his body instead of the ground. When other children would have been running about, he was confined to his mother's side. Whilst thus seated, receiving her instruction how to read, he heard from that fond, devoted, pious mother how the best and holiest of all had suffered meekly, and without resistance, ignominy and death, because it was the will of his Heavenly Father, until there came upon the spirit of the deformed boy the desire to imitate that example so strong that its control was beyond all human strength.

Herbert Andrew struggled to do whatever was possible, in aid of his mother, in her hard labor to support her family, and effected more than most imagined possible. When he had learned what his mother could teach him, he went to school, moving upon his hands instead of his feet, not being able to walk upright. By his mother's assistance, some little schooling, and his own untiring exertions, he qualified himself for teaching others. He has now been teaching near twenty years. His energy and ceaseless industry have secured him the greatest

\* The Literary Progress of Georgia. An Address delivered in the College Chapel, at Athens, before the Society of Alumni, and at their request, Aug. 7, 1851; being the Semi-centennial Anniversary of Franklin College. By Hon. George R. Gilmer. Athens, Ga.: White & Brother.

success. Whilst keeping school, he has acquired, by his own unassisted exertions, such knowledge of the various departments of learning that his scholars are now admirably qualified for entrance into College.

"His pure life, the strength of his determination in overcoming difficulties, and the energy of his efforts in doing good, made such an impression upon the people among whom he lived, that they resolved to give him some assistance. They elected him Tax Collector. He performed the duties of the office with unsurpassed faithfulness. He had been continued in office for several years, when a countryman, thinking that he too might be benefited by the perquisites of the Tax Collector's office, became a candidate in opposition, and sought success by insisting that rotation in office was the true democratic doctrine. The election resulted in the new candidate getting 31 votes, and the old, 961 votes. The flatterers of monarchs are constantly vilifying the institutions of freedom. Would royal favor or aristocratic selfishness have thus chosen the poor, the deformed, the pure and humbly faithful for its agent?

"The successful efforts of this deformed man to overcome obstacles in the way of acquiring learning, is one among innumerable important results from the literary spirit of the last half century."

Of the early country school teaching of Georgia, Mr. Gilmer gave an amusing, but not an exaggerated picture. The "drunken Irishmen," who were the travelling wise men of the interior districts, were not without an occasional parallel in their countrymen at schools not a hundred miles from New York, and not a quarter of a century since. We remember a boozy specimen of the class, easily bribed by the elder boys to the neglect of his duty, and enforcing his geographical knowledge upon the remainder with some such exacting interrogatories as, "Bound Me-kee-gan—bound Me-kee-gan, sir!" Ireland has, however, furnished the youthful generation of America with some capital instructors, all from Trinity College, Dublin, of course, and sometimes excellent mathematicians.

The experiences of the "up country" in Georgia were sufficiently remarkable "sixty years since." Mr. Gilmer has pleasantly grouped a few of them for this blazing era of universal intelligence:—

#### ICHABOD CRANES OF GEORGIA.

"Wandering foreigners, principally drunken Irishmen, who had been driven from society in the old country, from their unfitness to discharge its duties, were the only persons sufficiently unoccupied, who knew anything of letters, to accept the office of schoolmaster. No one believed in their fitness, but no better could be had. Here and there a school was collected, of children going barefooted for miles around, to a schoolhouse of round unbarked logs, with a chimney at one end made of puncheons and mud, and at the other a plank for a writing table, placed at an opening made by cutting out a log. The schoolmaster, seated in a split bottom chair near the door, with a hickory switch in hand, taught the young idea how to shoot, by impressions made upon backs and legs. The love of rhyme, which always precedes taste, was used to impress upon the memory of the children the knowledge of A B C. Each letter was described by a corresponding sound. One of the ways was to teach the children to say, A-bissel-pha, A by itself is A, E-bissel-phe, E by itself E. The copulative & was called andersand. There were no printed arithmetics in the hands of the masters or scholars. Lessons were given on slates, from the schoolmaster's manuscript book.

"There was no school in the Goosepond neighborhood, on Broad River, from its first settlement in 1784 until 1796. The first teacher was a deserter from the British navy, whose only qualification was, that he could write. He whipped according to Navy practice. On cold mornings, when fire could not be conveniently had, he made the children join hands and run round and round, whilst he hastened their speed by the free application of the switch. He was knowing in all sorts of rascality. Observing the son of a very poor man eating mutton for his twelve o'clock meal, he inquired of him where his mutton came from. The little boy answered, that 'daddy had caught a stray sheep in the briar patch.' He broke open the locks of several of his employers, in search of money, was detected, and punished at the public whipping post.

"A boy then taught A B C, until another master was found. He was a fair-haired, soft-handed, rosy-cheeked, North Carolina youth, who would have done very well, if he had been permitted to continue teaching. He was thought very handsome, and got a wife at once.

"The next schoolmaster was an Irishman, who taught as long as the people would send their children to him. He got drunk whenever he could get at whiskey, and he whipped without stint. The two cleverest lads in the school received from ten to fifteen whippings a day.

"The next was a Virginia gentleman, who had spent his property in drinking and other dissipation; who kept school to enable him to continue habits which he could not quit.

"The next was an Irishman, who got drunk whenever he had the means, and was in other respects such a sorry fellow and sorry teacher that he was never permitted to teach longer than one year in the same place.

"Many years afterwards an old man trudged his way, shillelah in hand, to this settlement. He wore the jump jacket of the last century, and carried under his arm his first manuscript ciphering book. He had taught Judge Mathews, afterwards of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, and Meriwether Lewis, the first traveller across the Rocky Mountains. The old schoolmaster had returned, after thirty years' absence, to seek employment from his former patrons, or to reap benefit from the success of his first scholars. But his school house was rotted down, and his employers and scholars either dead or removed from the country. The hickory switch had ceased to be the instrument of authority. The old schoolmaster's occupation was gone."

Interspersed with these and similar notices are biographical incidents, which will live with the history of the country:

#### JOSIAH TATTNALL.

"Josiah Tattnall, when the resistance of the colonies to the oppression of the mother country became a war for independence by the States, though then but a youth, was one of the few citizens of proud English descent, who chose the weaker side as the side of duty and of honor. When his family went on board the vessel which carried them to England, he attempted to remain in this country, but was forced away. He availed himself of the first favorable opportunity to return. He took so decided a part for his adopted country that he became its greatest favorite. He had been member of Congress, Governor of the State, and was trustee of this College when he died. His son, Edward Fenwick Tattnall, was the very beau ideal of gallantry—one of the few men of modern times who would have gloried in offering up his life for his country's sake, if his country's safety had required the sacrifice. He was an officer in the last war with Great Britain, and was wounded whilst fighting, with a small detachment, a superior British force. He was twice a member of

the Legislature, and several times a member of Congress. He was the youngest man in Congress when he first took a seat in the House of Representatives. He continued to be elected until bad health deprived him of the ability to serve.

"His brother, Capt. Josiah Tattnall, has lived to read his history in a nation's eyes. His heroism at the capture of Vera Cruz, and his exploits upon the ocean, point him out as the commander to lead on our navy to victories in any future war for the maintenance of our country's rights."

#### MERIWETHER LEWIS.

"From 1790 to 1795, the Cherokee Indians were very troublesome to the frontier people of upper Georgia; stealing their negroes and horses; occasionally killing defenceless women and children, and exciting alarm lest more extensive massacres might be perpetrated. During this restless, uneasy state of the people, created by this constant apprehension of attack, a report reached the settlement twenty miles from here, on Broad River, that the Cherokees were on the war path for Georgia. Men, women, and children collected together. It was agreed that the house where they were could not be defended, and might easily be burnt. They, therefore, sought safety in a deep, secluded forest. Whilst they were assembled round a fire at night, preparing something to eat, the report of a gun was heard. Indians! Indians! was heard from every tongue. Mothers clasped their infants in their arms, whilst the older children hung around them. The men seized their arms—all were in commotion and dismay. There belonged to the company a boy, who alone retained any self-possession. When every one was hesitating what to do, the light of the fire was suddenly extinguished by his throwing a vessel of water upon it. When all was dark, the sense of safety came upon all. That boy was Meriwether Lewis, who was afterwards selected by Mr. Jefferson, on account of his courage and admirable talents for command, to head the first expedition across the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, which, by its success, created for the United States the title upon which it rested, in its contest with the British government for the Oregon Territory, and who thus secured for his country a greater increase of its population and possessions than all others of his countrymen together, except Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Polk.

"Meriwether Lewis, in his expedition to the Pacific, discovered a gold mine. The fact was not made public, nor the place pointed out at the time, lest it might become known to the Indians and Spaniards, and thereby be a public injury instead of a public benefit. He informed his friends, upon his return home, of the discovery which he had made, and his intention of making out such a description of the place that it might be found, if he should die before the information could be useful to the country. As he was travelling from St. Louis, the seat of government of the Missouri Territory, of which he was then Governor, to Washington City, he stopped over night at a little inn on the roadside, somewhere in Tennessee. In the morning his throat was found cut, and he dead; whether by his own hand or others in search of his account of the place where gold was to be found, is not known."

In a notice of the improvements of cotton production, we find Eli Whitney less respectfully spoken of than has been the custom with regard to that great inventor and little repaid benefactor of the staple interest of America:

#### ELI WHITNEY AND NED LYON.

"After a while, cotton superseded tobacco. The kind of cotton first grown was very unproductive, and the mode of its cultivation very imperfect. Some of the old people may recollect

lect how the lint used to be separated from the seed, by the fingers of the children, sitting around the fireside at night, or by two little wooden rollers fixed upon a bench. In 1793-4, Whitney improved upon these wooden rollers, by his invention of a brass breast with hooked wires in it, which being made to revolve rapidly round, pulled the lint from the seed, when the raw cotton was presented to it. The invention was soon perceived to be very valuable. Whitney obtained a patent for it, and with the selfishness of the class which makes Yankee often an offensive term, defeated his purpose through the excess of his desire to confine its profits to himself. He made machines for himself, and ginned the cotton of the planters for toll. He kept a guard over them, to prevent others from acquiring the knowledge how to make them. Cotton could not be extensively cultivated whilst these difficulties were in the way.

"Ned Lyon, a man of genius, but a poor drunken fellow, invented the steel saws. Whitney endeavored by suits to get damages from those who used Lyon's gins; but it was whistling against the wind. Nobody cared for Whitney's brass breast and hooked wires. Lyon's cotton gin has made cotton the most important instrument for improving the world that the world has yet known."

A passage or two on the old usage of duelling might be quoted in illustration of the ameliorating results of education and culture. These are obviously apparent through Mr. Gilmer's address, and none the less so that they are, rather than directly inculcated—to be seen through enlivening, original facts and anecdotes.

#### MR. JAMES'S "AIMS AND OBSTACLES."\*

The plot of the play turns upon a certain long cancelled will, which during the last half of the novel is always on the eve of turning up; but finally never does, and the only glimpse the reader has of it is just at the close, when a housebreaker who has played *hobb* with a Bramah lock to get at it, thrusts the long expected document into a fire, and as the contents are discharged without further notice up chimney, so fade all our hopes of the final consummation of the long delayed marriage which depended upon the said will's production.

The heir offers even then to hand over the property; but the legatee—a high-spirited officer—refuses to take a "deed for the will," since he cannot obtain a "will for the deed," and we are all at fault again, when in the very nick of time the heir receives his billet from a bullet, departs for parts unknown, and the couple are made happy, or perhaps—as Captain Cuttle would remark—quite the rewarde. That, however, is none of our business.

In the whole of our experience in Mr. James's novels—and it has been no slight one—we do not remember of his ever having had anything like the trouble to marry a couple before.

The plot is somewhat of a paradox, seemingly simple and yet exceedingly intricate, and the quietude of the first half of the volume is amply compensated by the interest of the remainder. During the composition of a part, at least, of the book Mr. James was confined to his room by an injured limb, and we think we can tell to a chapter when he commenced again to take his accustomed exercise.

The injury we have hinted at was occasioned by a pair of his equine friends—

\* *Aims and Obstacles. A Romance.* By G. P. R. James. New York: Harper & Brothers.

strange that he could not guide them—and, *en revanche* it would seem, he has abandoned them in the present volume, at least.

In lieu of his usual spirited and stirring opening, however, he gives some very clever and sententious writing, and as the extract below, wasp-like, tapers off with a sting in its tail, and adds a proper piquancy to a dull subject, we shall copy a part of

#### THE RAINY OPENING.

"It had rained all day; and, by the way that the sky proceeded, it bade fair to rain all night. But—notwithstanding that a night shower in Oxford street is not, in general, at all in the right way to water virtue—the two walkers advanced nearly alone over the broad flag-stones which were washed smooth and clean by the falling deluge, and along which the dim and lantern-like glass globes—then all unconscious of gas—shed long lines of smoky and unserviceable light. From the shop windows, however, streamed a prouder glare reflected from, and refracted through the brilliant or diaphanous surfaces of Belcher handkerchiefs, gauze ribbons, druggists' bottles, pastrycooks' plates, and cherry brandy, and aided and heightened by the pell-mell crystal of the plate glass, then first rising into general use. But in spite of all this splendor, which might have made the Sultan of Serendib jealous, still the envious rain poured on with a cool, deliberate dribble, only aggravated into a splash here and there, by a greedy house gutter which—like some of our Sunday newspapers—collected all the washings of other people's tiles, to pour them forth again with additional filth of its own."

No dry book could thus commence.

We cannot lay down the volume without having a word with regard to its title. When "A Story without a Name" was commenced, a well known writer in this paper announced the fact, coupled with the comment, that Mr. James having exhausted the language in titles, was now writing a story without a name.

The conceit found favor with the wits, cis and trans-atlantic. We took it for a joke and laughed accordingly, but now begin to have some fears of its truth. "Aims and Obstacles!!!" what a patronymic. It must be the last arrow in the quiver, and in future we may expect his progeny of literary bantlings—and may they be neither few nor far between—to be sent forth into the world ticketed 1, 2, 3, &c., as our aldermen treat the last born streets and avenues.

May the digits, assisted by the power of permutation, hold out.

#### THE WITCH DOCTOR.\*

The sporting knight of Tylney Hall asserted that Misfortune always shot with a "double-barrel," bringing down both right and left; and we think the same may safely be said of the author of *Billy McConnell*. The generation of spiritual humbugs may well exclaim, with the man in the play, "Call you this barking of your friends?"

"Old Billy" himself—whether he ever existed in *pro. per.*, or only as a shadowing forth in the writer's brain—is the very prototype and Christopher Columbus of the now vastly popular and money-making tribes of all kinds of—"isers," the projectors, inventors, supporters of, and supported by all manner of "isms"—excepting perchance the *Rheumat-ism*, and we are not over-sure that the *Clairvoyant* gentry have not

\* *The Spirit Rappings; or, the Life and Times of Old Billy McConnell, the Witch Doctor.* By One Born among the Witches. Cincinnati: J. A. & U. P. James.

taken the latter commodity into their omnipotent hands. We know they have, if there be anything to be made by it.

Without indulging in a doubt of the truthfulness of "Old Billy's" exploits among the witches, or casting any direct reflections upon the professors of Mesmerism, Psycho-metry, or Biology (*quere*, self-ology), yet the Witch Doctor's career is described so graphically, and the parallel between his exploits and those of his more astute, but less original imitators of the Fox, Fish, and Sunderland school, that we think the spirits of the latter will experience anything but gratification in the book, and may, perchance, spell that most famous of all their spells—when in a corner—D. O. N. E.

The humor and satire of the book are so snugly concealed beneath a veil of simple credulity, and so thorough an appreciation and comprehension of the subject is exhibited, that we imagine either the immortal Shadrach Barnes himself, or some very clever disciple of his, to be the author.

#### HOLIDAY BOOKS.

THE children foremost at the holidays:—and they are not forgotten this year by the publishers. In addition to the various eminent little volumes we have already directed attention to, here is another great glitter on our table of red and blue, silver and gold, and the promise without is quite well kept up by performance within. All of them, too, it should be remarked, are copyrights, American books for American children. One of them, indeed, is from abroad, but it is a fresh translation into English from the language of honest home-loving Germany, *Winter in Spitzbergen*,\* a kind of cold, northern, Arctic contrast to the summery foliage of *Robinson Crusoe*, whom, to make all the snugger, children picture to themselves, under all circumstances, well thatched and clothed in skins. A ship's company sets out from Archangel and is wrecked in the ice. They find a cave on the island, where they get through the winter with northern incidents of the region, timely to the interest in the voyage of the *Advance* and *Rescue*, and are happily let out at the end of the book when summer comes. The narrative is set in a network of family talk, which begins a little stiffly, but which soon engages the attention by its earnestness and knowledge-seeking incentives. A home story in a very amiable, kindly, sympathetic tone is *Mrs. Neal's No Such Word As Fail, or The Children's Journey*.† It touches genuine and universal emotions in its opening pathetic scenes, which again are relieved by its pictures of Philadelphia city life and the kindness of the marketwoman, till the humble children accomplish the tour to the West. The Preface promises us other stories by Mrs. Neal in this series of "Home Books," for which the young people, we think, will be thankful. *Recollections of My Childhood*,† by Grace Greenwood, is what its name imparts, a series of sketches of objects which will always impress childhood. It is dedicated to Una and Julian Hawthorne, children of the famous poetical romance, and is worthy of its introduction to that gentle household by its vivacity and humor,

\* *Winter in Spitzbergen. A Book for Youth, from the German of C. Hildebrandt. Preacher in Eilsdorf, near Halberstadt, by E. Goodrich Smith.* M. W. Dodd.

† "No such word as Fail;" or, *The Children's Journey*. By Alice B. Neal. Appleton & Co.

‡ *Recollections of My Childhood, and other stories.* By Grace Greenwood. With engravings from designs by Billings. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

qualities steadily in demand among the boys and girls.

For tastes of folk a little older we have *Novelties of the New World*,\* by Mr. Banvard, judicious and neatly stated matters of fact concerning such adventurous visitors to America as De Soto and La Salle at the South and on the Mississippi, Hudson's discovery of his mighty river, Champlain and Farther Marquette in the west. Mr. B. has already given us "Plymouth and the Pilgrims," which has been well received by the public, and he will follow the present work up by the "Settlement of Virginia" and other volumes in a series of American Histories. These books are neat in style, generally resembling Mr. Abbott's Histories, of which they are rivals or companions.

ASCENDING in this scale of gift books, we have *The Excellent Woman as Described in the Book of Proverbs*,† in which each scene of that admirable portraiture of domestic life and Eastern manners is commented upon with the aid of a series of excellent wood engravings, elegant and picturesque, illustrating the life of the Hebrew matron—a noble view of duty, benevolence, and happiness.

*Dream-Land by Daylight, a Panorama of Romance*,‡ is a collection of papers, essays, sketches, tales, &c., by the vigorous pen of Caroline Chesebro', a lady of Canandaigua in this state. There is genuine enthusiasm and energy, a bold, confident handling of every-day matters, which will be acknowledged by the reader's interest in return.

*Greenwood Leaves*,§ a second series from the budget of Grace Greenwood, though less marked in character than the preceding, has its claims especially in the epistolary portion, where the lady's portfolio of travelling letters, descriptions of nature, notions of books and lectures, the speeches in Congress, &c., are open before us. In this way it is a curious commentary on the times from a particular point of view. It is utterly impossible to criticise such a book with the pleasant frontispiece looking you in the face.

*Christmas with the Poets*,|| a dainty book for its verses, and truly "embellished" by its tinted designs, published by the Messrs. Appleton. We have before spoken of it, but it deserves well a timely special word at this season. No one could wish to spend the High Festival in better company, not only for the honor of the companionship, but for sympathy in all the happy suggestions of the day. Besides we have not only the poets, but the best poets, and those too of every age of English song from Chaucer to Thackeray, whom many a reader will be surprised to find among the poets, but whose title will, we think, be unquestioned after the specimen which we promise in our next week's paper. The book is an excellently

prepared selection of the best poems on this general holiday. It commences with the earliest nowels, and ends with a choice collection of modern carols and lyric and descriptive poems, many of them from authors of little note and the pages of magazines, consequently not readily accessible. The beauty of the designs is happily preserved by several tints in the printing, which is too a separate novelty in its way, as yet unattained on this side of the Atlantic.

#### MR. BOHN'S LIBRARIES.

THE latest issues of these series, in the hands of Bangs, Brother, & Co., of this city, are two volumes of the collection of Neander's Works, the *History of the Planting and Training of the Christian Church by the Apostles*, and the treatise, *Antignostikus; or the Spirit of Tertullian*. The translation is by J. E. Ryland. Neander is generally read in America, and this edition is at once in a portable and library form, and unexceptionable, too, on the score of price. To unscholastic readers these volumes will afford much of curious interest respecting the manners and opinions of the church in the early times.

In the illustrated library Mr. Bohn has published the first volume of *Didron's Christian Iconography*, to be completed in a second. This is a translation of a French quarto volume, with the benefit of the use of the numerous original engravings. It is a monument of antiquarian diligence and acumen, and covers the various representations, reducing them to a science, by which the early painters treated the several Persons of the Trinity. The topic is of unfailing historical and moral interest, and we commend this work, in particular, to the numerous readers of Mr. Longfellow's "Golden Legend," who will find in it the letter of much of his sentiment.

Bohn's Classical Library now includes a new literal prose translation, the best yet executed, of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, which, as usual with the series, is amply illustrated by notes and critical comments.

Of several reprints of novels, &c., before us we may mention *The Tutor's Ward*, by the author of "Wayfaring Sketches," from the press of the Harpers, with more than the usual vicissitudes of romantic disaster. Long & Brother send us *Fernley Manor*, from the pen of readable Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel, and a new edition of *Percival Keene*, by Captain Marryatt, whose humor and resources the world knows how to value, that he has gone. Gould & Lincoln's *Cyclopaedia of Anecdotes of Literature and the Fine Arts* has reached its fourth number, and sweeps a wide net of the wit and humor of the mirth-generating class.

Stringer and Townsend have issued in a pamphlet, much in demand, a Memoir of Kossuth, with his English speeches, the address to the American people, the Hungarian declaration, and Mr. Webster's pungent Correspondence with Hulsemann. This should be followed by all the addresses and speeches in New York.

Scobie's Canadian Almanac has been issued for 1852, with its usual full reports of local, political, and commercial intelligence.

#### MARKS AND REMARKS.

UNDER this head we shall, in future, take note of passing topics, some of which heretofore waiting patiently in our pigeon-holes for crystallization into reviews and articles, have evaporated altogether. It seems desirable to have an editorial page or so where we may drop occasionally a word into the reader's ear, like the station in the central whispering gallery at St. Paul's, where the faintest suggestion is quietly heard amidst the roar and tumult of London. Here a word or two may be found for our Correspondents who are not elsewhere provided for, the most important book movements chronicled, brief glimpses of society, and generally such small fragments of the world as drift from the huge tempest without to the Literary Editor's Table.

We have paid our share of the general tribute on another page to Kossuth, but his Universality just now is not to be escaped from in New York in any corner. When the students of Columbia College are to be seen gowned in Broadway, walking in procession with the grave Faculty, and when a flag and garland are hung out over the porch of the Society Library, there may be presumed, from the known solidity and *ris inertia* of those bodies, to be something more than empty wind in the popular gale. This sanction has been given to the Kossuth *afflatus*. On Friday of last week, President King, with the rank and file of old Columbia College, were among the delegations at the Irving House. A student delivered a Latin address commencing *Vir celeberrime!* But Kossuth did not reply in that language, though if he had, the reporters, who are up to anything in these times, would have been ready for him. This reply of Kossuth's, as usual, hit the nail on the head, in his recognition of the humanities or polite literature, the strong point of the College. He remarked that this general culture as a higher vantage ground, gave the control of the sciences. "Happy the nation," he nobly said, "that has a people who derive the knowledge to protect and to love their country and their homes, and the institutions of their homes, out of that public instruction which brings them up to enlighten their minds, to enoble their hearts, and infuse into their souls those bearings which are the congenial attendants of freemen."

The directness and ability with which Kossuth is addressed by the numerous delegations is proof of his influence. The best men everywhere step forward for the occasion—Judge Jones, Mr. Mayer from Baltimore, Mr. Headley, with the appropriate Newburgh invitation, while the Rev. Mr. Bellows even gives a new wrinkle to the tattered speech-making American flag. "How is it that we have happened to place the stars of Heaven upon our flag, if not to say that the principles under which we gather are as broad as the earth over which those stars shine?"

One word for humanity's sake. Let these delegations be decimated at once, and pass their resolutions at home in their own Senate Chambers. Mortal man cannot encounter the combined eloquence of all the American "municipalities," and as for the hand shaking, the sooner an India-rubber man is manufactured to undergo the infliction the better. Every pull at the right

\* *Novelties of the New World*; or, *The Adventures and Discoveries of the First Explorers of North America*, by Joseph Banvard, with illustrations. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.

† *The Excellent Woman as described in the Book of Proverbs*, with an Introduction by William B. Sprague, D.D., with numerous illustrations by Baker. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.

‡ *Dream-Land by Daylight, a Panorama of Romance*, by Caroline Chesebro'. Redfield.

§ *Greenwood Leaves*; a Collection of Sketches and Letters, by Grace Greenwood. Second series. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

|| *Christmas with the Poets*; a Collection of Songs, Carols, and Descriptive Verses, relating to the Festival of Christmas, from the Anglo-Norman period to the present time. Embellished with fifty tinted illustrations by Birket, Foster, &c. London: Bogue. New York: Appletons.

arm of Kossuth, in the present state of his health, is a vote on the part of the devotees for the Emperor of Austria. The Common Council should pass an act prohibiting such proceedings henceforth and for ever.

The dinner of the PRESS came off on Monday, and the speeches were marked by energy throughout. Kossuth made some neat points, declared firmly his "Republicanism," and entered into the question of nationality. Mr. Bryant presided, spoke forcibly, as did President King, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Raymond, Mr. Godwin, Mr. Mathews, Mr. Dana, the Rev. Mr. Beecher, and others. Timidity was quite at a discount.

The first season of LECTURES at the Mercantile Library Association has closed with a brilliant piece of fireworks from the manufactory of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. His subject was the Love of Nature, which he handled rather digressively, but never for a moment fell short of the entertainment of the audience. The words were cleanly cut, and there was an ingenious avoidance of all common-place. The reporters gave up his verbal niceties in despair, and abandoned themselves to the enjoyment of the audience. We trust yet to get a chance at some of these felicities in print. By the way, do all the gentlemen of Boston carry about with them that large breed of fowls, "about the size of a schoolboy?"

A new course of Lectures by the Mercantile will commence in January at the Hope Chapel. They were mostly old names announced, as Dr. Dewey, Rev. Mr. Chapin, &c., with a novelty in popular "Ik Marvel." A lecture or two, we were glad to learn, may be expected from Mr. Emerson.

Dr. Raphall's Lecture, by the way, on Hungary, at the Tabernacle, was a timely and well received exhibition of the history and geography of that country. Nothing could be clearer than his disentanglement of the political successions of that kingdom. Dr. Raphall has peculiar qualities for a lecturer, equaling in ease and promptness, though with a desirable greater condensation, Mr. Silk Buckingham, who was certainly, with all his ineptitudes, a pleasing speaker. Dr. R. has just delivered a course of lectures in Philadelphia, descriptive of the countries of middle and northern Europe, which we trust he may have an opportunity of repeating here. The Lecture Committees would do well not to overlook him.

It would surprise us vastly, if we were to be surprised at anything in the range of modern piffery, to read the leaders in the *Courier and Enquirer*, and other imposing journals, on the wonders of a certain pair of "AZTEC CHILDREN," now exhibiting in Broadway. They are gravely commended to the study of Ethnologists as a new variety of the human species, and a cock and bull story is told of a prodigious sacred city of Iximaya, in Central America, whence they were obtained by a Baltimorean, a Canadian, and a Spaniard, who had various adventures with a race of priests euphoniously called Kaanas and Wabaquoons. Huestis, the Baltimorean, having betrayed his intention to escape, to a native woman whom he was enamored with, was offered up a sacrifice on the high altar of the Sun; Vaalpeor, High Priest, and a friend of the Spaniard, saw them do it. This Vaalpeor left with the other two when they got off with the Aztec Children, but he died at Oozingo, so he is not forthcoming at the

exhibition,—which is unfortunate. The hint for this pleasing narrative, which would do credit to *Gaudentio di Lucca*, was derived from the gossip of an old monk, in Stephens's Central America, who related that white turrets glittering in the sun might be seen from the top of a certain *sierra*,—provided the mountain was not enveloped in a dense cloud. Some time since these Aztec children were in Boston, when their story got into the newspapers, and was transferred in April to Dickens's *Household Words*, as an amusing affair. At that time Dr. Warren gave a medical account of them in one of the Philadelphia journals, the Aztecs affording a much better topic for the physician, with the usual run of monstrosities at Barnum's, than to the Ethnologist to whom they are especially recommended by the *Courier* in such terms as this:—

#### A NEW RACE.

It is often difficult to believe that the nations of the earth are of one blood, but never did faith in this doctrine seem so untenable to us as yesterday, during the first few minutes of a visit to two children, who are said to be of a race recently discovered in Central America, and who are now in the charge of a gentleman in this city.

The reflection of a few moments entirely sets aside the surmise that these creatures are the product of a freak of nature. They are evidently specimens of a race never yet seen by modern eyes, and of which we have no record save in the sacred writings, and in its own hieroglyphic records.

Their movements betray a peculiarity which again assigns to their race an origin identical with that of the builders of the stupendous ruins of Central America. They walk with an uncertain as well as rapid gait, and with their feet very wide apart. This seems at first to be the result of a conscious want of stability, and an instinctive enlargement of the base.

The question raised is one of the profoundest mystery and general importance. Who shall solve it?

Dr. Warren found no difficulty in the matter. They are simply a pair of curious dwarfs.

The terms of an important COPYRIGHT treaty have just been adjusted between France and England, awaiting only the sanction of the Legislatures of the contracting countries. The engagement is to be made for ten years and continue afterwards in force, subject to a twelve months' notice. It does not protect books already published, but includes, with the obvious mutual copyright protection of the original works of the two countries, the right of the author to the translation of his book. This is a new and valuable feature, and will secure the completeness of a literary work and the moral responsibility of the author, whose name may now be tacked to any partial or perverted adaptation of his writings. It is marvellous that the society of England and America should so long suffer this evil to go unchecked. It is an obvious common law or common justice right of property and good name. By the French treaty translations are protected for five years. We see not why this privilege should not be co-extensive with the ordinary English copyrights. Dramatic works are to be protected, too, from direct translation, and the publication of "musical compositions, drawings, paintings, sculptures, engravings, lithographs, and any other production whatever of literature and

fine arts." This is the most important international treaty yet made, and we trust it may be the precursor of early similar action between these foreign governments and our own. The question has far higher interests than the dollar and cent valuations; it would be a bond for mutual justice, good feeling, and intellectual development.

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#### THE FIRST SNOW ON THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

As the fall begins almost in the summer, so the winter begins in the fall on the highest parts of the Catskills. Yesterday, late in the afternoon, I saw what seemed to be, at the distance of ten miles, a veil or curtain, airy and light like lace, hanging from lofty drifts of grey mist half down the sides of the mountains. It was curious to watch "the grace of the fashion of this" aerial drapery. Now it dropped straight down, as if the peaks behind it had retired for the night; then it floated off in long streaming folds upon the wind. This was snow—the first falling snow upon the Catskills, and literally our first looking out of autumn into winter. This morning all is clear and still. There is no more any one of those motions manifold—no more any opening and closing of curtains. They appear to have fallen during the night; and where they fell, there they lie, along the upper forests for miles, motionless and white, like cold, pure linen over the dead. We know now what is just before us—the bright, sparkling winter, the music of footsteps in the dry and brilliant snow, the misty breath, sleighing, and skating, and bells.

The contrast between the mountains this morning and the same a few days ago, recalls their departed splendors so vividly that I cannot refrain from giving you some description of them. "The first snow on the Catskills" will therefore melt quite away from this brief chapter, and leave us looking at

#### THE LAST LEAVES ON THE CATSKILLS.

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qualities steadily in demand among the boys and girls.

For tastes of folk a little older we have *Novelties of the New World*,\* by Mr. Banvard, judicious and neatly stated matters of fact concerning such adventurous visitors to America as De Soto and La Salle at the South and on the Mississippi, Hudson's discovery of his mighty river, Champlain and Farther Marquette in the west. Mr. B. has already given us "Plymouth and the Pilgrims," which has been well received by the public, and he will follow the present work up by the "Settlement of Virginia" and other volumes in a series of American Histories. These books are neat in style, generally resembling Mr. Abbott's Histories, of which they are rivals or companions.

ASCENDING in this scale of gift books, we have *The Excellent Woman as Described in the Book of Proverbs*,† in which each scene of that admirable portraiture of domestic life and Eastern manners is commented upon with the aid of a series of excellent wood engravings, elegant and picturesque, illustrating the life of the Hebrew matron—a noble view of duty, benevolence, and happiness.

*Dream-Land by Daylight, a Panorama of Romance*,‡ is a collection of papers, essays, sketches, tales, &c., by the vigorous pen of Caroline Chesebro', a lady of Canandaigua in this state. There is genuine enthusiasm and energy, a bold, confident handling of every-day matters, which will be acknowledged by the reader's interest in return.

*Greenwood Leaves*,§ a second series from the budget of Grace Greenwood, though less marked in character than the preceding, has its claims especially in the epistolary portion, where the lady's portfolio of travelling letters, descriptions of nature, notions of books and lectures, the speeches in Congress, &c., are open before us. In this way it is a curious commentary on the times from a particular point of view. It is utterly impossible to criticise such a book with the pleasant frontispiece looking you in the face.

*Christmas with the Poets*,|| a dainty book for its verses, and truly "embellished" by its tinted designs, published by the Messrs. Appleton. We have before spoken of it, but it deserves well a timely special word at this season. No one could wish to spend the High Festival in better company, not only for the honor of the companionship, but for sympathy in all the happy suggestions of the day. Besides we have not only the poets, but the best poets, and those too of every age of English song from Chaucer to Thackeray, whom many a reader will be surprised to find among the poets, but whose title will, we think, be unquestioned after the specimen which we promise in our next week's paper. The book is an excellently

prepared selection of the best poems on this general holiday. It commences with the earliest novels, and ends with a choice collection of modern carols and lyric and descriptive poems, many of them from authors of little note and the pages of magazines, consequently not readily accessible. The beauty of the designs is happily preserved by several tints in the printing, which is too a separate novelty in its way, as yet unattained on this side of the Atlantic.

#### MR. BOHN'S LIBRARIES.

THE latest issues of these series, in the hands of Bangs, Brother, & Co., of this city, are two volumes of the collection of Neander's Works, the *History of the Planting and Training of the Christian Church by the Apostles*, and the treatise, *Antignostikus; or the Spirit of Tertullian*. The translation is by J. E. Ryland. Neander is generally read in America, and this edition is at once in a portable and library form, and unexceptionable, too, on the score of price. To unscholastic readers these volumes will afford much of curious interest respecting the manners and opinions of the church in the early times.

In the illustrated library Mr. Bohn has published the first volume of *Didron's Christian Iconography*, to be completed in a second. This is a translation of a French quarto volume, with the benefit of the use of the numerous original engravings. It is a monument of antiquarian diligence and acumen, and covers the various representations, reducing them to a science, by which the early painters treated the several Persons of the Trinity. The topic is of unfailing historical and moral interest, and we commend this work, in particular, to the numerous readers of Mr. Longfellow's "Golden Legend," who will find in it the letter of much of his sentiment.

Bohn's Classical Library now includes a new literal prose translation, the best yet executed, of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, which, as usual with the series, is amply illustrated by notes and critical comments.

Of several reprints of novels, &c., before us we may mention *The Tutor's Ward*, by the author of "Wayside Sketches," from the press of the Harpers, with more than the usual vicissitudes of romantic disaster. Long & Brother send us *Fernley Manor*, from the pen of readable Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel, and a new edition of *Percival Keene*, by Captain Marryatt, whose humor and resources the world knows how to value, that he has gone. Gould & Lincoln's *Cyclopaedia of Anecdotes of Literature and the Fine Arts* has reached its fourth number, and sweeps a wide net of the wit and humor of the mirth-generating class.

Stringer and Townsend have issued in a pamphlet, much in demand, a Memoir of Kossuth, with his English speeches, the address to the American people, the Hungarian declaration, and Mr. Webster's pungent Correspondence with Hulsemann. This should be followed by all the addresses and speeches in New York.

Scobie's Canadian Almanac has been issued for 1852, with its usual full reports of local, political, and commercial intelligence.

#### MARKS AND REMARKS.

UNDER this head we shall, in future, take note of passing topics, some of which heretofore waiting patiently in our pigeon-holes for crystallization into reviews and articles, have evaporated altogether. It seems desirable to have an editorial page or so where we may drop occasionally a word into the reader's ear, like the station in the central whispering gallery at St. Paul's, where the faintest suggestion is quietly heard amidst the roar and tumult of London. Here a word or two may be found for our Correspondents who are not elsewhere provided for, the most important book movements chronicled, brief glimpses of society, and generally such small fragments of the world as drift from the huge tempest without to the Literary Editor's Table.

We have paid our share of the general tribute on another page to Kossuth, but his Universality just now is not to be escaped from in New York in any corner. When the students of Columbia College are to be seen gowned in Broadway, walking in procession with the grave Faculty, and when a flag and garland are hung out over the porch of the Society Library, there may be presumed, from the known solidity and *ris inertia* of those bodies, to be something more than empty wind in the popular gale. This sanction has been given to the Kossuth *afflatus*. On Friday of last week, President King, with the rank and file of old Columbia College, were among the delegations at the Irving House. A student delivered a Latin address commencing *Vir celeberrime!* But Kossuth did not reply in that language, though if he had, the reporters, who are up to anything in these times, would have been ready for him. This reply of Kossuth's, as usual, hit the nail on the head, in his recognition of the humanities or polite literature, the strong point of the College. He remarked that this general culture as a higher vantage ground, gave the control of the sciences. "Happy the nation," he nobly said, "that has a people who derive the knowledge to protect and to love their country and their homes, and the institutions of their homes, out of that public instruction which brings them up to enlighten their minds, to enoble their hearts, and infuse into their souls those bearings which are the congenial attendants of freemen."

The directness and ability with which Kossuth is addressed by the numerous delegations is proof of his influence. The best men everywhere step forward for the occasion—Judge Jones, Mr. Mayer from Baltimore, Mr. Headley, with the appropriate Newburgh invitation, while the Rev. Mr. Bellows even gives a new wrinkle to the tattered speech-making American flag. "How is it that we have happened to place the stars of Heaven upon our flag, if not to say that the principles under which we gather are as broad as the earth over which those stars shine?"

One word for humanity's sake. Let these delegations be decimated at once, and pass their resolutions at home in their own Senate Chambers. Mortal man cannot encounter the combined eloquence of all the American "municipalities," and as for the hand shaking, the sooner an India-rubber man is manufactured to undergo the infliction the better. Every pull at the right

\* *Novelties of the New World*; or, *The Adventures and Discoveries of the First Explorers of North America*, by Joseph Banvard, with illustrations. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.

† *The Excellent Woman as described in the Book of Proverbs*, with an Introduction by William B. Sprague, D.D., with numerous illustrations by Baker. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.

‡ *Dream-Land by Daylight, a Panorama of Romance*, by Caroline Chesebro'. Redfield.

§ *Greenwood Leaves*; a Collection of Sketches and Letters, by Grace Greenwood. Second series. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

|| *Christmas with the Poets*; a Collection of Songs, Carols, and Descriptive Verses, relating to the Festival of Christmas, from the Anglo-Norman period to the present time. Embellished with fifty tinted illustrations by Birket, Foster, &c. London: Bogue. New York: Appleton.

arm of Kossuth, in the present state of his health, is a vote on the part of the devotees for the Emperor of Austria. The Common Council should pass an act prohibiting such proceedings henceforth and for ever.

The dinner of the PRESS came off on Monday, and the speeches were marked by energy throughout. Kossuth made some neat points, declared firmly his "Republicanism," and entered into the question of nationality. Mr. Bryant presided, spoke forcibly, as did President King, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Raymond, Mr. Godwin, Mr. Mathews, Mr. Dana, the Rev. Mr. Beecher, and others. Timidity was quite at a discount.

The first season of LECTURES at the Mercantile Library Association has closed with a brilliant piece of fireworks from the manufactory of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. His subject was the Love of Nature, which he handled rather digressively, but never for a moment fell short of the entertainment of the audience. The words were cleanly cut, and there was an ingenious avoidance of all common-place. The reporters gave up his verbal niceties in despair, and abandoned themselves to the enjoyment of the audience. We trust yet to get a chance at some of these felicities in print. By the way, do all the gentlemen of Boston carry about with them that large breed of fowls, "about the size of a schoolboy?"

A new course of Lectures by the Mercantile will commence in January at the Hope Chapel. They were mostly old names announced, as Dr. Dewey, Rev. Mr. Chapin, &c., with a novelty in popular "Ik Marvel." A lecture or two, we were glad to learn, may be expected from Mr. Emerson.

Dr. Raphall's Lecture, by the way, on Hungary, at the Tabernacle, was a timely and well received exhibition of the history and geography of that country. Nothing could be clearer than his disentanglement of the political successions of that kingdom. Dr. Raphall has peculiar qualities for a lecturer, equalling in ease and promptness, though with a desirable greater condensation, Mr. Silk Buckingham, who was certainly, with all his ineptitudes, a pleasing speaker. Dr. R. has just delivered a course of lectures in Philadelphia, descriptive of the countries of middle and northern Europe, which we trust he may have an opportunity of repeating here. The Lecture Committees would do well not to overlook him.

It would surprise us vastly, if we were to be surprised at anything in the range of modern piffery, to read the leaders in the *Courier and Enquirer*, and other imposing journals, on the wonders of a certain pair of "AZTEC CHILDREN," now exhibiting in Broadway. They are gravely commended to the study of Ethnologists as a new variety of the human species, and a cock and bull story is told of a prodigious sacred city of Iximnya, in Central America, whence they were obtained by a Baltimorean, a Canadian, and a Spaniard, who had various adventures with a race of priests euphoniously called Kaanas and Wabaquoons. Huestis, the Baltimorean, having betrayed his intention to escape, to a native woman whom he was enamored with, was offered up a sacrifice on the high altar of the Sun; Vaalpeor, High Priest, and a friend of the Spaniard, saw them do it. This Vaalpeor left with the other two when they got off with the Aztec Children, but he died at Oozingo, so he is not forthcoming at the

exhibition,—which is unfortunate. The hint for this pleasing narrative, which would do credit to *Gaudentio di Lucca*, was derived from the gossip of an old monk, in Stephens's Central America, who related that white turrets glittering in the sun might be seen from the top of a certain sierra,—provided the mountain was not enveloped in a dense cloud. Some time since these Aztec children were in Boston, when their story got into the newspapers, and was transferred in April to Dickens's *Household Words*, as an amusing affair. At that time Dr. Warren gave a medical account of them in one of the Philadelphia journals, the Aztecs affording a much better topic for the physician, with the usual run of monstrosities at Barnum's, than to the Ethnologist to whom they are especially recommended by the *Courier* in such terms as this:—

#### A NEW RACE.

It is often difficult to believe that the nations of the earth are of one blood, but never did faith in this doctrine seem so untenable to us as yesterday, during the first few minutes of a visit to two children, who are said to be of a race recently discovered in Central America, and who are now in the charge of a gentleman in this city.

The reflection of a few moments entirely sets aside the surmise that these creatures are the product of a freak of nature. They are evidently specimens of a race never yet seen by modern eyes, and of which we have no record save in the sacred writings, and in its own hieroglyphic records.

Their movements betray a peculiarity which again assigns to their race an origin identical with that of the builders of the stupendous ruins of Central America. They walk with an uncertain as well as rapid gait, and with their feet very wide apart. This seems at first to be the result of a conscious want of stability, and an instinctive enlargement of the base.

The question raised is one of the profoundest mystery and general importance. Who shall solve it?

Dr. Warren found no difficulty in the matter. They are simply a pair of curious dwarfs.

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#### THE FIRST SNOW ON THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

As the fall begins almost in the summer, so the winter begins in the fall on the highest parts of the Catskills. Yesterday, late in the afternoon, I saw what seemed to be, at the distance of ten miles, a veil or curtain, airy and light like lace, hanging from lofty drifts of grey mist half down the sides of the mountains. It was curious to watch "the grace of the fashion of this" aerial drapery. Now it dropped straight down, as if the peaks behind it had retired for the night; then it floated off in long streaming folds upon the wind. This was snow—the first falling snow upon the Catskills, and literally our first looking out of autumn into winter. This morning all is clear and still. There is no more any one of those motions manifold—no more any opening and closing of curtains. They appear to have fallen during the night; and where they fell, there they lie, along the upper forests for miles, motionless and white, like cold, pure linen over the dead. We know now what is just before us—the bright, sparkling winter, the music of footsteps in the dry and brilliant snow, the misty breath, sleighing, and skating, and bells.

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#### THE LAST LEAVES ON THE CATSKILLS.

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derate walk, over a smooth, broad way of reddish earth, doubling first one and then another cape of the range jutting out boldly into the air, describing long circles inward, in order to head deep gulf's, and looking, at every turn in and out, over a vaster landscape, dappled with fields and woods, enlivened with dwellings and hamlets, and smoothed down in the far distance into something like the blue ocean. The prospect is occasionally hidden where the road winds lovingly through some straggling, lower lock of the forests, yet thick and rich upon the mountain heads. This gives great freshness to the view when you emerge from the wood, and, while passing it, turns the eye into the wilderness above, remarkable now and then for its savage character. When I read, for the first time, in Goethe's grand poem, that fine description of Mephistopheles leading Faust into the mountains, I fixed upon one point in particular in this wild Catskill scenery. I am sure I never pass it to this day that I do not think of that "Hark, to the splintering of the evergreen palaces," and see what looks to me like "the path of the hurricane."

On the first Monday of the present October I found myself ascending the mountains by the way described above under the following pleasant circumstances:—With my wife and a friend of ours, a lady of excellent mind and manners, I was going for a fortnight upon an old-fashioned family visit. We had a snug two-horse vehicle, which at any minute could be turned either into a close carriage or an open barouche. Passing over several things that contributed to our comfort and pleasure, I will close the list of happy circumstances under which I went up the Catskills, by adding that we had one of the finest days of the year. But how to give you a true description of the autumnal splendors, now that I am fairly ready for it, I can hardly tell. Let me sketch it rapidly.

At our first five hundred feet above the general surface, the nearer landscape, with its thickets, groves, and "little sportive woods ran wild" along the fences, walls, and brooks, kept the eye in a continual skip of delight. Here and there the orange and the crimson caught the sight like sheets of fire. The village of Deerham, yclept of yore Prink Street, where the maples abound, appeared to be in flames. Truly charming as all this lower scene was, over which we spent much enthusiasm and a multitude of exclamations, expressive of our admiration and pleasure, it faded into comparative insignificance at an elevation of a thousand feet, where we were rising into the presence of a magnificence before which we were disposed to be composed and silent. At all seasons the forests here are wonderfully grand and impressive. Piled into the northern sky up to the very sun, they look as if they were haunted by the awfulness of ocean depths, and seem to have caught character and majesty from the thunder clouds which so often repose upon them. But where are the magic words—words that shall be as paints and dyes to make the reader behold these fields of wild sublimity all kindled by the gorgeous October? Seas of foliage where the seven colors strive for the mastery! What were sheaves of fancies like this? You see not the life and power of the scene, because you cannot feel the heart-riot in the wondrous plenitude of splendor. Then look away to that islet of bristling spruce

and hemlock in this Indian ocean of beauty! It is dark as night under the brilliant, white light of noon; and all around it are the rolling tops of the maple, beech, and birch, a very surf of yellows, scarlets, crimson, oranges, and greens. And what is there around that one black troop of evergreens is around a thousand more—here on the slope before us—on the slope behind us—up the whole broad slope abreast of us—all along the blue heavens—yonder through the gorge—round among the summits—round and on endlessly—rich as imperial raiment—exquisite as shells—bright as plumage—tender, fresh, and precious as costly pictures.

I have done with my description. Perhaps you will look with your first delight upon Cole's autumnal pictures, particularly his finer ones, such as "The Home in the Woods" and "The Hunter's Return," when I tell you I have been only rapidly sketching where he studied more or less for well nigh a quarter of a century. N.

Catskill, Oct. 26th, 1851.

#### TOUR IN OREGON. BY A RESIDENT IN THAT TERRITORY.

[Communicated to the *Literary World*.]  
SALEM, O. T., Sept. 27, 1851.

I LEFT San Francisco on July 8, in the Steamer Columbia for Astoria, which we reached in about 78 hours, very much pleased with our voyage, and the courtesy of the officers. At about 12 M. we made the mouth of the Columbia. The channel at the entrance is not the bugbear which has been represented, at least to one acquainted with the shoals, which are small. The river is about eight miles wide at the mouth, and the channel reminds one of the entrance to Sandusky bay, which, although a little tortuous, is to the pilot perfectly safe. Among the pilots here I recognise the names of Capts. Thompson and White of your city, who have been here some two years. The shores of the river look very sombre, breakers over the shoal (where the Peacock was lost) on the right, and the shores as far as the eye can reach covered with fir trees of the largest size, and as dense as they can grow, extending over the high hills the most solemn silence, truly reminding one that he is far away from the busy haunts of men, and in a new world.

The only arable lands in this part of the country are the Clatsop plains, twenty-five miles long, fronting the sea, and some five to eight wide, fronting the mouth of the Columbia. This part of the country supplies the various small settlements near, with their butter, cheese, &c., several farmers having been located here for some years. The trees lining the shores are deserving of an especial notice. I have seen trees 250 feet to 300 high, and measuring 13 feet through at the base, and such are not rare nor uncommon. This may sound incredible, but is strictly true. Mills are being erected on the river (forming nuclei for future towns) as locations for exporting lumber to San Francisco, and are now preferable to those more inland. About two miles up the river, behind Cape Disappointment, the first town in Oregon is seen; it bears the title of "Pacific City," containing one hotel and three or four houses. It may become, in future ages, a fashionable watering-place. Near this place lies the Indian village of the Chinooks, a race who formerly held possession of all this part of the country, but like all other Indians they have rapidly disappeared since

the advent of the whites, being cut off by the two plagues—debauchery and rum—and a very few years will see them extinct. These Indians, like all others who live by fishing, are very unlike in appearance the Indian of "high and noble bearing," being low in stature, with a flat head, face, and nose, destitute of a spark of intelligence, and have such a dog-like look, that one hardly wonders they are considered here as of less value than a good hound. To one romantic in the idea of the "noble Indian," it is only necessary to show a Chinook, and he will wonder if this be the animal about which romance has been so busy for the past century. These Indians live on fish, roots, rum (when they can get it), thieving, and the virtue (?) of their own wives and daughters, which latter is not particularly Spartan among them.

Old Astoria, now Fort George, is about four miles from the entrance of the Columbia, on the south side, and contains one store and the barracks for the troops, one company only occupying it, as the rest have been withdrawn for the Rio Grande. Astor's old trading post, or log store, is still standing. Lower Astoria, distant one half mile below, has only one store and five houses. Upper Astoria, one mile above, has two stores and six to eight houses. All are rival towns, and each asserting its superiority with a pertinacity equal to Michigan speculations in 1837. About half a mile above is a saw-mill, which presents its claim for consideration to any enterprising settler who wishes to *hew* his way through the world by felling timber. Two miles further up lies Tongue Point, another mill and one house, town lots laid out, and bids fair to become, in a thousand years or so, a good spot for cutting saw logs, and seeing the tide rise and fall.

About twenty miles up is seen a high bluff, situated not unlike Cleveland, with three houses, which place bears the name of Catalamette. This place boasts of the only wharf in all Oregon. It was projected by Mr. Birney, a Scotchman, formerly from the Hudson Bay Company. Judge Strong, formerly from Cleveland, now Justice of the Supreme Court, resides here also. This is the most eligible place for a town on the Columbia, far enough removed from the sea to avoid the fogs, and with a climate mild and pleasant. Above this place there are no towns nor pretensions to one, until you reach the Willamette (pronounced Will-hammet) river; one vast solitude pervades the banks, while in the distance and all around on each shore nothing is seen but the dense forest of fir trees, large and lofty, giant memorials of the progress of time. These have remained for ages undisturbed, while other parts of the world have undergone change and decay from the hands of man. The time has come when this remote country will bend beneath the enterprise of our sturdy people, and changes great and wondrous will be made in the face of nature amid the hills and rocks of the Columbia.

About fifty miles up, there lies near the north bank of the river a high promontory with a sloping surface, called Coffin Rock. This, for ages, the neighboring Indians have made their burial-place, their dead being interred with all their property, and from a tree or poles above the graves are suspended their canoes, disabled for further service, and other articles such as the bow and arrows, cups, &c. While passing, my attention was

called to some relies left there by the Indians, which, strange to say for once, are here respected by the white man, and the Indian remains left undisturbed by malice or a prudent curiosity, to decay by the hand of time. The navigation, as you go up the Columbia, is good for all classes of vessels, and I was shown places where depth cannot be sounded—bold shores, not unlike, in many places, to the Highlands of the Hudson, only the hills are higher, and of greater extent. The interminable fir tree casting its long and deep shadows at twilight, is here rendering darkness visible. About eighty miles up brings us to the junction of the Willamette with the Columbia, a stream reminding you of the Hudson. At the entrance the surface of the water begins to change, and here and there you can see some land, a few acres; although, until you reach Portland, they are few and far between. At the junction of the two rivers, or rather near it, lie the towns of Milton and St. Helen's, recently laid out, and distinguished for nothing save the possession of about a dozen houses between them, mosquitoes, and plenty of fever and ague.

Portland, the town of Oregon, is next, distant one hundred and twenty miles from Astoria, and pleasantly situated on the banks of the river, containing about six to eight hundred persons, three churches, two saw mills, and plenty of dust. It is at the head of ship navigation, and must be, in time, an important place. It is growing rapidly. Here I found McKnight of Sandusky, keeping tavern, and the only really good one in the territory save one.

I arrived in Portland on 19th July, having spent the intermediate time between my arrival at the different places below; remained in Portland till 25th, when I took a small sail boat in order that I might go as I chose, and visit the places above. About six miles above Portland lies Milwaukie, containing two saw mills, two taverns (where they charge 50 cents for a cup of coffee), five or six houses, and enough fir trees in the background to build a second New York: stayed there all night, and at sunrise left for Oregon City. This place is about eight miles above; reached the rapids of the Clackamas, two miles below, where the stream was so rapid that we had to "cordelle" one boat over by ropes. During high water lives are frequently lost from want of skill in "shooting" over. We reached Oregon City at 8 A. M. This place lies in a canon or between hills, which serve to render it as hot as an oven in the summer, or, when any breeze is afloat, making the dust fly to fill your eyes and throat with anything but palatable food. The location was made by the Hudson's Bay Company, on account of the extensive water power, which is equal to any I ever saw, although its capacity has hardly begun to be used as yet. There are two grist and one saw mill. The place contains about five hundred inhabitants, a Presbyterian Seminary for young ladies, and a Catholic Institute, which has been established here for some 15 years, and is the only school at which a good and thorough education for a female can be obtained. They are popular (the Catholics), and deservedly so, from the course they have pursued in the even tenor of their way, doing good, and gaining friends. This place is the Seat of Government; although the Legislature changed it to Salem last year; the law is not valid, as the laws require the passage of all acts separately, and they hitched one more to this and passed them as

one bill. The ground will have to be travelled again. Opposite Oregon City, on the other side of the river, lies Linn City, containing some half dozen houses, and three or four stores. This was formerly the residence of Hon. Mr. Thurston, who is now dead. A mile further up, and above the falls, is located the town of Canemah. One store and two houses comprise the glory of the place. They have just built two steamboats, which add much to their pretensions. From this place start the boats and batteaux for the upper (or rather lower) country, the portage around the falls being about one mile. There is only one boat now running on account of the low water, one and a half feet being the depth over the *bars*. I took passage from Canemah on July 26th, on the steamer Yamhill, a quill wheel of four sheep power, about twenty-five feet long, and loaded to the guards with goods for the poor devils up the country, who, for a transit of say fifty or sixty miles, are obliged to pay \$2.00 per one hundred pounds. The size of the boat was really so small, that when a passenger changed from one side to another, the word was passed to trim (quill wheel? no sir! but) trim ship! there!

The main shaft was so large that the Capt. requested all passengers "not to step upon the shaft" of the ship. Our passage up was diversified by neither accident nor stoppage but once, and that for one cord of split wood to *fire up* on. The scenery on the river is pleasant, not unlike that of the Connecticut, barring the cultivated fields. We reached Dayton at 4 P. M., having made the trip in seven hours, distance forty miles from Oregon City. This is the only place "quill wheel" can now run to. It is situated on the Yamhill river (head of navigation) about six miles from its confluence with the Willamette. Here I met my friend B. from Ohio, of whom you have heard me speak, or rather I found him at the mouth of the river digging it out for "quill wheel" to get in: six men and five yoke of cattle, with a board for a scraper, being required usually on Saturday afternoons for a general gravel haul, so that "quill wheel" can go to the "head of navigation." Barnum is proprietor of three eighths of the town, which has doubled every week for the last four weeks, e. g. commences one house, next week two, and so on until now, when it glorifies itself in the possession of eight, and a flattering prospect of the future. It is really amusing to hear and read of the pretensions of these one-horse towns.

Lafayette, on the Yamhill, distant 3 miles from Dayton, contains 150 inhabitants, and is a "smart chance" of a town, although above the "head of navigation."

After staying with Barnum some five or six days, we took horses and visited Salem, distant 25 miles. This place is beautifully situated on the banks of the Willamette (60 miles from Portland, via river), upon a bed of gravel, which once was covered by water. This forms a perfect pavement, and, amid the rains of winter, is invaluable. Here you can see, towering above the hills, the Coast range, on the one hand, and on the other the Cascade range of mountains, distant some 25 to 30 miles, while in a clear day the heads of Mount St. Helen's and Mount Jefferson, with their caps of everlasting snow, are distinctly visible.

Salem contains 200 to 250 inhabitants, and has a good farming country around. Here the emigration is chiefly turned, and it bids

fair to become one of if not the first towns in the Territory. The seat of Government is here expected to be established at the next session, and if so, a large accession of inhabitants may be anticipated. Here was the centralizing spot of the Methodist Mission. They selected this place and called it "Salem," in imitation of Jerusalem, built a large building called the "Institute," where they cured old Indians, and tried to teach young ones. Tradition gives one instance of their partial success. An Indian was educated somewhere; they caught him, converted him, and then exhibited him in various parts of the U. S., as a sample of their success. The sewing societies in New-England met, with redoubled efforts. Scandal and gossip kept pace with the knitting needles, and flannel shirts and a new supply of plunder came out, to be distributed among the faithful. They could not cure the disease which the whites entailed upon the Indian, and in a very short time they had no Indians to cure or teach. Then Father Garry came from Boston, with plenary powers, and finding them under their own vines and fig trees, and fearing nobody, thought them too "worldly minded," and disbanded them accordingly. So ended the "Oregon Mission." Vainly were the blue yarn hose and flannel shirts sent. The disbanded Missionaries put in their claim for lands here, and are, with but few exceptions, now in possession of much wealth. This town has in some instances been partially benefited by them. In no other part of Oregon has the Sabbath yet arrived. Here, it is considered rather a scandal to pursue secular avocations on Sunday. The tone was given by the Missionaries, and long may the sentiment continue.

To return to my travels, or rather to the termination of them. I have been no further down the valley, and of course have not visited Albany, Cincinnati, or Maysville, all on the Willamette, the two former being very small and inconsiderable places, while the latter, from its location, will become a village of some consequence as the country grows. Below the sources of the Willamette lies the valley of the Umpqua, a country now attracting considerable attention, both in Oregon and California. The valley is not so extensive as that of the Willamette, but in some respects it is said to be better, particularly as a grazing country. Here, in consequence of the want of rain in summer, our fields become dry and parched, destroying the verdure, rendering it almost barren, save where it is watered by springs. There, the frequent showers, not unlike the summer in the U. S., serve to keep the grass alive, and to afford better sustenance for grazing purposes. Corn, it is said, can also be raised, as the nights are warmer. The particular secret of attraction lies in the proximity to the gold mines, only 5 to 6 days' journey to the Shasta Mines, in California, and only a very short distance to the Rogue River, where rich deposits have been found; but, on account of the hostility of the Indians, who are the most warlike on this side, rendered at present unavailable: pretexts, however, are now arising for aggressions, to provoke the Indians to retaliation—which probably will result in a general Indian war, and the final expulsion of the tribes who inhabit the country, thereby fulfilling their destiny, and that of the "Anglo-Saxon race"—giving us a gold mine in Oregon, increasing the natural distaste of an Oregonian for work,

and fixing a roving disposition for life. The proximity to the gold mines is working serious evil, as men will not work on farms when there is a hope that by mining they can get gold easier. There probably is no country in the world where labor will meet with such rich remuneration as it might in this, provided the laboring men and farmers would stay at home and work, as they do in the States. Here, nature seems to do everything, and the farmer nothing. I have seen wheat fields, self-sown, the yield of the second crop being as much as the yield of the first. The season, too, being dry and pleasant, gives full time for harvesting, without dread of rust, blast, rain, or those hundred drawbacks which render the farmer's returns so precarious in the States. The winters, also, are so mild as to preclude the necessity of providing for the cattle by foddering, since, when the winter arrives, the grass begins to spring up again. A farmer told me a few days ago that a month's hard work was all that was required to afford a year's subsistence. The Willamette river affords an easy passage for the transit of produce, and almost everything which can be raised brings the cash at home. Wheat in Salem is now worth 8 shillings—onions \$4 per bushel, eggs 5 shillings, fowls 5 to 6 shillings, butter and cheese 40 to 50 cents per pound, apples \$3, peaches \$6, potatoes \$1 50 per bushel; and yet young men will leave farms given to them by the Government gratis, to seek the precarious returns of the gold mines, risking life in the hazardous attempt to seek gold in a country inhabited by bands of hostile Indians. Oregon will never prosper until a new infusion of enterprise is given among those who are the true support of any country, the farmers. Those who return from the mines with money live around without work until their money is exhausted, and then return to get more.

Female society is nearly the same, or perhaps a little better, than in California. There are but few ladies to be seen in the towns, and through the country, of a class not unlike those in the frontier towns of Missouri and Arkansas. Many, in fact the greatest part of the population are from Missouri, and it has become a bye-word, to ask a new comer if he is not from "Clay Co., Missouri."

The population of the territory has been egregiously overrated by the late delegate, Mr. Thurston. There are by the census 13,000 inhabitants only in the territory, and of this number at least one fifth are mere sojourners. Money is scarce among the people now, the whole wealth being derived from the mines, which do not yield the rich returns they did last year. Business is pretty good, and is settling down to a system not unlike that in the States, and it is not *quite so profitable* as it was a year since, when goods were scarce, and money abundant. Goods are getting very plenty here, and those "hombres" in New York who are sending out cargoes, expecting great profit, will hereafter find that the returns will be not unlike those from California shipments. Prices will never range so high, as the people here will find a substitute; but they certainly must range as low. By this time you will ask how I like Oregon. I will tell you. It is a country rich in natural resources, agricultural and mineral, with a climate particularly adapted to the vocation of a farmer, and a country where a poor man can

obtain a living and raise a family more easily and comfortably than in any other place I have ever seen, and make a handsome competence by patient labor. He has, however, to undergo many of the privations of a new country, want of society, schools, &c., for some time to come. As for myself, I shall never bring my family here, as the country and its people are not particularly adapted to my taste or habits, although I do not know as I have regretted seriously my coming here. By patient industry and no bad luck, I can make as much money here in a year as I can in the States in two, but it is at the expense of feeling that you are away from wife, children, and friends, and not knowing but that they are sick, and anxiously wishing that you were at home.

#### THE QUEEN'S OPERA.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

Or the Haymarket Opera my account, in fine, is this: Lustres, candelabras, painting, gilding at discretion: a hall as of the Caliph Alraschid, or him that commanded the slaves of the Lamp; a hall as if fitted up by the genies, regardless of expense. Upholstery and the outlay of human capital, could do no more. Artists, too, as they are called, have been got together from the ends of the world, regardless likewise of expense, to do dancing and singing, some of them even geniuses in their craft. One singer in particular, called Coletti or some such name, seemed to me, by the cast of his face, by the tones of his voice, by his general bearing, so far as I could read it, to be a man of deep and ardent sensibilities, of delicate intuitions, just sympathies; originally an almost poetic soul, or man of *genius* as we term it; stamped by Nature as capable of far other work than squalling here, like a blind Samson to make the Philistines sport!

Nay, all of them had aptitudes, perhaps of a distinguished kind; and must, by their own and other people's labour, have got a training equal or superior in toilsomeness, earnest assiduity, and patient travail, to what breeds men to the most arduous trades. I speak not of kings' grandees, or the like show-figures; but few soldiers, judges, men of letters, can have had such pains taken with them. The very ballet girls, with their muslin saucers round them, were perhaps little short of miraculous; whirling and spinning there in strange mad vortexes, and then suddenly fixing themselves motionless, each upon her left or right great-toe, with the other leg stretched out at an angle of ninety degrees;—as if you had suddenly pricked into the floor, by one of their points, a pair, or rather a multitudinous cohort, of mad restlessly jumping and clipping scissors, and so bidden them rest, with opened blades, and stand still, in the Devil's name! A truly notable motion; marvellous, almost miraculous, were not the people there so used to it. Motion peculiar to the Opera; perhaps the ugliest, and surely one of the most difficult, ever taught a female creature in this world. Nature abhors it; but Art does at least admit it to border on the impossible. One little Cerito, or Taglioni the Second, that night when I was there, went bounding from the floor as if she had been made of Indian-rubber, or filled with hydrogen gas, and inclined by positive levity to bolt through the ceiling; perhaps neither Semiramis nor Catherine the Second had bred herself so carefully.

Such talent, and such martyrdom of

training, gathered from the four winds, was now here, to do its seat and be paid for it. Regardless of expense, indeed! The purse of Fortunatus seemed to have opened itself, and the divine art of Musical Sound and Rhythmic Motion was welcomed with an explosion of all the magnificences which the other arts, fine and coarse, could achieve. For you are to think of some Rossini or Bellini in the rear of it, too; to say nothing of the Stanfields, and hosts of scene-painters, machinists, engineers, enterprisers;—fit to have taken Gibraltar, written the History of England, or reduced Ireland into Industrial Regiments, had they so set their minds to it!

Alas, and of all these notable or noticeable human talents, and excellent perseverances and energies, backed by mountains of wealth, and led by the divine art of Music and Rhythm vouchsafed by Heaven to them and us, what was to be the issue here this evening? An hour's amusement, not amusing either, but wearisome and dreary, to a high-dizened select Populace of male and female persons, who seemed to me not worth much amusing! Could any one have pealed into their hearts once, one true thought, and glimpse of Self-vision: 'High dizened, most expensive persons, Aristocracy so called, or *Best* of the World, beware, beware what proofs you give of betterness and bestness?' And then the salutary pang of conscience in reply: 'A select Populace, with money in its purse, and drilled a little by the posture-maker: good Heavens! if that were what, here and everywhere in God's Creation, I am? And a world all dying because I am, and show myself to be, and to have long been, even that? John, the carriage, the carriage: swift! Let me go home in silence, to reflection, perhaps to sackcloth and ashes!' This, and not amusement, would have profited those high-dizened persons.

Amusement, at any rate, they did not get from Euterpe and Melpomene. These two Muses, sent for, regardless of expense, I could see, were but the vehicle of a kind of service which I judged to be Paphian rather. Young beauties of both sexes used their opera-glasses, you could notice, not entirely for looking at the stage. And it must be owned the light, in this explosion of all the upholsteries, and the human fine arts and coarse, was magical; and made your fair one an *Armida*—if you liked her better so. Nay, certain old Improper Females (of quality), in their rouge and jewels, even these looked some *reminiscence* of enchantment; and I saw this and the other lean domestic Dandy, with icy smile on his old worn face; this and the other Marquis Singedelomme, Prince Mahogany, or the like foreign Dignitary, tripping into the boxes of said female, grinning there awhile, with dyed moustachios and macassar-oil gracious, and then tripping out again: and, in fact, I perceived that Coletti and Cerito and the Rhythmic Arts were a mere accompaniment here.

Wonderful to see; and sad, if you had eyes! Do but think of it. Cleopatra threw pearls into her drink, in mere waste; which was reckoned foolish of her. But here had the Modern Aristocracy of men brought the divinest of its Arts, heavenly Music itself; and, piling all the upholsteries and ingenuities that other human art could do, had lighted them into a bonfire to illuminate an hour's flirtation of Singedelomme,

Mahogany, and these improper persons! Never in Nature had I seen such waste before. O Coletti, you whose inborn melody, once of kindred as I judged to 'the Melodies eternal,' might have valiantly weeded out this and the other false thing from the ways of men, and made a bit of God's creation more melodious,—they have purchased you away from that; chained you to the wheel of Prince Mahogany's chariot, and here you make sport for a macassar Singedelomme, and his improper-females past the prime of life! Wretched spiritual Nigger, oh, if you had some genius, and were not a born Nigger with mere appetite for pumpkin, should you have endured such a lot? I lament for you beyond all other expenses. Other expenses are light; you are the Cleopatra's pearl that should not have been flung into Mahogany's claret-cup. And Rossini too, and Mozart and Bellini—Oh, Heavens, when I think that Music too is condemned to be mad and to burn herself, to this end, on such a funeral pile,—your celestial Opera-house grows dark and infernal to me! Behind its glitter stalks the shadow of Eternal Death; through it too I look not 'up into the divine eye,' as Richter has it, 'but down into the bottomless eyesocket'—not up towards God, Heaven, and the Throne of Truth, but too truly down towards Falacy, Vacuity, and the dwelling-place of Everlasting Despair.—*London Keepsake for 1852.*

A NEW POEM BY ALFRED TENNYSON—from the edition of his Poems just published in London by Moxon.

EDWIN MORRIS; OR, THE LAKE.

O me, my pleasant rambles by the lake,  
My sweet, wild, fresh three quarters of a year,  
My one oasis in the dust and drouth  
Of city life! I was a sketcher then:  
See here, my doing: curves of mountain, bridge,  
Boat, island, ruins of a castle, built  
When men knew how to build, upon a rock,  
With turrets lichen-gilded like a rock;  
And here, new comers in an ancient hold,  
New comers from the Mersey, millionaires,  
Here lived the Hills—a Tudor-chimned bulk  
Of mellow brickwork on an isle of bowers.

O me, my pleasant rambles by the lake  
With Edwin Morris and with Edward Bull  
The curate; he was fatter than his cure.

But Edwin Morris, he that knew the names,  
Long learned names of agaric, moss, and fern,  
Who forged a thousand theories of the rocks,  
Who taught me how to skate, to row, to swim,  
Who read me rhymes elaborately good,  
His own—I called him Crighton, for he seemed  
All perfect, finished to the finger-nail.

And once I asked him of his early life,  
And his first passion; and he answered me;  
And well his words became him; was he not  
A full-celled honeycomb of eloquence  
Stored from all flowers? Poet-like he spoke—

"My love for Nature is as old as I;  
But thirty moons, one honeymoon to that,  
And three rich se'nights more, my love for her,  
My love for Nature and my love for her,  
Of different ages, like twin-sisters throve,  
Twin-sisters differently beautiful.  
To some full music rose and sank the sun,  
And some full music seemed to move and change  
With all the varied changes of the dark,  
And either twilight and the day between;  
For daily hope fulfilled to rise again  
Revolving towards fulfilment made it sweet  
To walk, to sit, to sleep, to breathe, to wake."

Or this or something like to this he spoke.  
Then said the fat-faced curate, Edward Bull:

"I take it, God made the woman for the man,  
And for the good and increase of the world.

A pretty face is well, and this is well,  
To have a dame indoors, that trims us up  
And keeps us tight; but these unreal ways  
Seem but the theme of writers, and indeed  
Worn threadbare. Man is made of solid stuff.  
I say God made the woman for the man,  
And for the good and increase of the world."

"Parson," said I, "you pitch the pipe too  
low:

But I have sudden touches, and can run  
My faith beyond my practice into his:  
Though if, in dancing after Letty Hill,  
I do not hear the bells upon my cap,  
I scarce hear other music: yet say on.  
What should one give to light on such a  
dream?"  
I asked him half-sardonically.

"Give?"  
Give all thou art," he answered, and a light  
Of laughter dimpled in his swarthy cheek;  
"I would have hid her needle in my heart,  
To save her little finger from a scratch  
No deeper than the skin: my ears could hear  
Her lightest breaths: her least remark was  
worth

The experience of the wise. I went and came;  
Her voice fled always through the summer land;  
I spoke her name alone. Thrice happy days!  
The flower of each, those moments when we met,  
The crown of all, we met to part no more."

Were not his words delicious, I a beast  
To take them as I did? but something jarred;  
Whether he spoke too largely; that there  
seemed

A touch of something false, some self-conceit,  
Or over-smoothness; howso'er it was,  
He scarcely hit my humor, and I said:

"Friend Edwin, do not think yourself alone  
Of all men happy. Shall not Love to me,  
As in the Latin song I learnt at school,  
Sneeze out a full God-bless-you right and left?  
But you can talk; yours is a kindly vein;  
I have, I think,—Heaven knows—as much  
within;  
Have, or should have, but for a thought or two,  
That like a copper beech among the greens  
Looks out of place: 'tis from no want in her:  
It is my shyness, or my self-distrust,  
Or something of a wayward modern mind  
Dissecting passion. Time will set me right."

So spoke I knowing not the things that were.  
Then said the fat-faced curate, Edward Bull:  
"God made the woman for the use of man,  
And for the good and increase of the world."  
And I and Edwin laughed; and now we paused  
About the windings of the marge to hear  
The soft wind blowing over meadowy holms  
And alders, garden-isles; and now we ran  
By ripply shallows of the lisping lake,  
Delighted with the freshness and the sound.

But when the bracken rusted on their crags  
My suit had withered, nipt to death by him  
That was a God, and is a lawyer's clerk,  
The rent-roll Cupid of the rainy isles.  
'Tis true, we met; one hour I had, no more:  
She sent a note, the seal an *Elle vous suit*,  
The close "Your Letty, only yours;" and this  
Thrice underscored. The friendly mist of morn  
Clung to the lake. I boated over, ran  
My craft aground, and heard with beating heart  
The Sweet Gale rustle round the shelving keel;  
And out I stept, and up I crept; she moved,  
Like Proserpine in Enna, gathering flowers:  
Then low and sweet I whistled thrice; and she,  
She turned, we closed, we kissed, swore faith, I  
breathed

In some new planet; a silent cousin stole  
Upon us and departed: "Leave," she cried,  
"Oh! leave me!" "Never, dearest, never;  
here  
I brave the worst;" and while we stood like  
fools  
Embracing, all at once a score of pugs  
And poodles yelled within, and out they came

Trustees and Aunts and Uncles. "What, with  
him!"

Go, sir?" Again they shrieked the burden

"Him!"

Again with hands of wild rejection, "Go!  
"Girl, get you in," to her—and in one month  
They wedded her to sixty thousand pounds,  
To lands in Kent, and messuages in York,  
And slight Sir Robert with his watery smile  
And educated whisker. But for me,  
They set an ancient creditor to work;  
It seems I broke a close with force and arms;  
There came a mystic token from the king  
To greet the sheriff, needless courtesy!  
I read and wished to crush the race of man,  
And fled by night; turned once upon the hills;  
Her taper glimmered in the lake; and then  
I left the place, left Edwin, nor have seen  
Him since, nor heard of her, nor cared to hear.

Nor cared to hear? perhaps: yet long ago  
I have pardoned little Letty; not indeed,  
It may be, for her own dear sake, but this,  
She seems a part of those fresh days to me;  
For in the dust and drouth of London life  
She moves among my visions of the lake,  
While the prime swallow dips his wing, or then  
While the gold-lily blows, and overhead  
The light cloud shouulders on the summer crag.

A THOUGHT OR TWO ON "PENDENNIS."

PENDENNIS is a sort of compromise between Vanity Fair and David Copperfield. It uses unsparingly the sharp bright scalpel of the former on English society, set off, however, by much of the artistic ingenuity of plot of the latter—much of its delicate and beautiful delineation of female character, in all of which the former was lamentably deficient. On the other hand, the "unities" are better preserved in Pen than in David. Boz shocks the credulity of every one that knows the stuff that books are made off, in making simple, generous, good-natured Copperfield, into a popular author. But Pendennis is a smart fellow from beginning to end, and his literary turn is the natural completion of his career.

Both of this writer's *magna opera* leave on the mind a dark, repulsive impression of the state of things that suggests those characters and incidents to his imagination, but they are not the less fascinating novels on that account. One reads them with the same interest with which he listens to gentlemanlike scandal, even when it can scarcely be called ladylike scandal—the same pleasure in some minds that is produced by reading a criminal trial, while in others it is more like that anomaly of nature, the *melancholy pleasure* of weeping at a tragedy. The conclusion of a home-staying New-Yorker would be, that the picture was not true; that it was an exaggeration of the exception into the rule, and a depreciation of the rule into the exception. We have no man here who gambles away his property and a great part of his wife's, and yet is courted and well received, because madame has a quarter of a million left to cover his peccadilloes, and compensate for her ignorance and low breeding besides. No districts where such a man sends to Congress himself, or whom he pleases, by right of his hereditary "interest." No well-born, well-bred, well-educated old men of wealth, whose every dinner is a drinking bout, and every night a debauch. Clavering and Steyne are such men.

Although it suggests such thoughts to us, we should be doing the publishers a sorry turn to say that Pendennis was a *serious* book. It is a gay, rattling story, with some of the sweetest female characters that were

ever put on paper. Indeed, through the whole book there runs an enthusiasm of admiration and love for the other sex that finds sympathy under the waistcoats of all young men neither more nor less than human. There is no man (there may be a woman) who does not feel sorry even for poor Blanche; who would not have been willing to let her have her silly husband and her silly splendor, and live her life as well as she could? Her fault was very little more than carrying to excess a very lovable propensity, namely, the desire of pleasing.

What a spur to invention and effort in novel-writing this "serial" style of publication is! No more of your easy writing ("damned hard reading," Sheridan says) to fill your middle volume with—nine page conversations between the lady and her maid—the writer's political opinions at great length, or a reiterated description and comparison of all his characters. If the novelist gets lazy and lax for a fortnight or so, he is brought up with a round turn by finding that the last sixty pages don't sell so well as the rest, and that unless he makes a change, the succeeding will have a fine *prestige* of failure. Hundreds of old novels that we all read (as we do Shakspeare) because they have the sanction of age and a reputation with our forefathers, "would not begin" to go down with these driving and exacting times. There is, perhaps, one number of *Pendennis* of *young-man-metaphysics*, which may have given Mr. Titmarsh personal experience of this spur, but we should say that no one (perhaps excepting Boz) had ever given less cause for criticism on this point. The interest is continuous, the incidents brilliant and well put, and the dialogue frequent and characteristic.

#### FINE ARTS.

A SKETCH of the Engraving to be distributed in the Glasgow Art-Union, to the subscribers of the present year, is on view at Messrs. Williams, Stevens, and Williams's, Broadway. "Heather Belles," after J. Phillip, by Dillin, size 26 by 17 inches, is the way it is described in brief; elongating a little, it is a poetico-rural collection of Highland Damsels, some of whom are engaged in an operation sung of by Allan Ramsay, and introduced as a scene by Scott—that of washing; it is a desirable addition to one's portfolio.

"Down the Stream," and "Up the Stream," are a pleasing pair of engravings. In the first, a couple in a boat are floating along pleasantly, "the way the stream of time doth run." In the second are the same boat and figures, but with the man at the oar tugging and pushing toilsomely along against the tide, while the expression of his partner's and his own countenance shows cares, and that it is then "the unkindest tide."

"Refreshment" is a new engraving, by Consina, from a picture painted by Landseer, some five years since; a horse, harnessed with the huge gear one sees in use on the continent, is standing at the doorway of a large chateau, refreshing himself with carrots and turnips—continental horse fare; a woman and a boy are at his head watching the meal, while two magnificent dogs repose in the foreground. There are other parts, but, of course, the animals are the point of the sketch, which is stated to be a Belgian reminiscence. It forms an admirable companion to "The Court Yard," by Landseer.

A set of three other engravings claims attention, because they are from pictures by Etty. The subjects are from the history of Joan of Arc. The centre one represents her on horseback amidst a sally from the gate of Orleans. In the two side-companions, she, in the Church of St. Catherine de Fierbois, finds the sword; and is lastly at the stake.

The following was sung at the recent annual celebration of the St. Andrew's Society in this city, the only one, we believe, fortunate enough still to possess the old-fashioned accompaniment of a laureat, in the accomplished pen of Mrs. BALMANNO:—

In this blest land, the great, the free,  
With festal pomp surrounded,  
Thy glorious name, fair Charity,  
Triumphantly be sounded;  
For Scotland's name, St. ANDREW's fame,  
By all deemed proud and peerless—  
Her sons now stand with heart and hand  
Combined to aid the cheerless.

To raise the clansman's drooping heart,  
To soothe the widow's anguish,  
To take the helpless orphan's part,  
Nor let the captive languish;  
Sweet liberty! without whose light  
Hope, joy, and strength, and a' that,  
Man's life were but a dreary night,  
Mids care, despair, an' a' that.

To Scotland's ancient custom true,  
From sire to son descending,  
The tartan plaid, and bonnet blue,  
In ilk need defending;  
E'en so her noblest chiefs of old  
Upheld proud Scotland's glory,  
Wallace the god-like, Bruce the bold,  
And Douglass famed in story.

While in Balmoral, Britain's queen,  
Each virtue fair combining,  
Gives Charity an angel's mien,  
In grace and beauty shining;  
Oft may she take her joyous flight  
Across the Scottish border,  
Where loyally, by day and night,  
Each Highland heart shall guard her.

Wi' philabeg and bonnet blue,  
Wi' claymore, dirk, an' a' that,  
And weapons yet more good and true,  
Love, honor, duty, a' that;  
So twine the thistle wi' the rose,  
The shamrock green, an' a' that,  
United, against a world of foes,  
They'd conquerors be for a' that.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

OUR city readers, who will receive this paper in time, are reminded that the distribution of the Art-Union takes place on Friday evening, 19th, up to which time the books will be open at the rooms, in Broadway.

Audubon's magnificent legacy of the Birds of America, in four elephant folios of 435 colored plates, having a current representative in the royal 8vo. edition of that work in 7 volumes, as printed in New York and Philadelphia in 1844, V. G. Audubon, Esq., is putting through the press an edition of *The Quadrupeds of America*, intended for a wider circulation than the folio edition, in 150 plates, with 3 vols. of text, completed two years since. This new edition of *The Quadrupeds of America* is now issuing, and will be completed in 30 numbers, royal 8vo. Each number contains five beautifully colored plates, with scientific descriptions, the habits and anecdotes of the various animals, &c., &c., &c. J. J. AUDUBON and the Rev. DR. BACHMAN. Mr. Audubon's office is 34 Liberty street.

MR. J. C. WEEKS, Agent, No. 147 Nassau street, has published many good books for children and young people. Scripture Prints, Song Books, Picture Lessons, Bible Stories, Books of Animals, and more advanced tales, form an excellent variety.

Looking over the announcements of a branch of an immense western publishing establishment, having agencies at Buffalo, Auburn, Geneva, Cincinnati, Sandusky City, Chicago, &c., we notice 34 different books with the number of the edition appended. Taking print for granted,

the sum total of copies of these 34 books that have been printed amounts to 188,000! This is an average of 7,833 copies to each book. Save three reprints, these are all original. A Mexican War History figures 20,000, a Life of General Taylor 28,000, a Life of J. Q. Adams 31,000, and a Life of Josephine 11,000 copies.

Messrs. LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO, & CO., Philadelphia, have in press the following new books: *Wesley and Methodism*, by Isaac Taylor; *Commercial and Mechanical Arithmetic*, by C. Tracy, A. M.; *Personal Memoirs of Daniel Webster*; *New Themes for the Protestant Clergy*; *Hamilton, the Young Artist*, by Miss Augusta Browne; *Lynde Weiss*, a new American Novel; Part 2, *Schoolcraft's great national work on the Indian Tribes of the United States*, with over 100 steel plates in the highest style of art; *Journal of a Military Reconnaissance from Santa Fé, New Mexico, to the Navajo country*, by James H. Simpson, 1st Lieutenant, Corps of Topographical Engineers. A new *Gazetteer of the United States*, with the most recent information from original sources, including the complete results of the recent Census, is on the eve of publication.

**Most RARE BOOKS ON AMERICA.**—A copy of De Bry's *Admiranda Narratio*, &c., 9 parts in 2 vols., Frankfort, 1590-1602; *Garcillasse de la Vega's Histoire des Yucas and Florida*, 3 vols. 4to. 1737; *Codice Diplomatico Colombo Americano*, with a *Portrait of Columbus* and *Fac Similes*, L. P. copy 4to., Genos, 1823; and *Dapper's Description of America*, with maps, views of New York and other cities, &c., in one folio, Amsterdam, 1672, are held out for temptation and sale by MR. JOHN BARTLETT, at his Bookstore, Cambridge, Mass. Remembering the laudatory way some of our libraries signed recently at Dr. Jarvis's sale in this city, there will no doubt be found one to quickly take advantage of this temptation.

Messrs. H. LONG & BROTHER, Ann st., have in press, and nearly ready, a flood of cheap publications, as follows: 1. *Marian Withers*, a tale by Miss Jewsbury; 2. *Wau-nan-gee*, a Romance of the War of 1812; 3. *The Seven Brothers of Wyoming*, a Tale of the American Revolution, by a member of the New York press; 4. *Venetia Trelawney*, by Reynolds, the completion of the *Court of London*; 5. *The Guerrilla Chief*; 6. *The Shabby Family*, an answer to the *Greatest Plague of Life*; 7. *Kenneth*, a Romance of Scotland, by Reynolds, vol. 2, and completion; 8. a new volume of White's *Ethiopian Song Books*; 9. *Life of Michael Armstrong*; 10. *Mary Price*, a new book, by Reynolds. Mr. Mackenzie Daniels's *Fernley Manor*, and *Cecil the Pervert*, by the author of *Rockingham*, have just been published by Messrs. Long.

A new *Life of William Penn*, with selections from his Correspondence and Autobiography, by S. M. Janny, has appeared from the press of HOGAN, PERKINS, & CO., Philadelphia.

The new and beautifully illustrated edition of Longfellow's *Voices of the Night* (to mate the "Evangeline"), just issued by Messrs. TICKNOR, REED, & FIELDS, Boston, is a very appropriate increase to the gifts of the season. A new and illustrated edition of all Longfellow's poetical works, elegantly bound, is now ready. The long list of books announced by this house as in press at the commencement of this season have all been put forth, save *Cockburn's Poetical Works*, *Russell's Noon*, and a *Memoir of Hartley Coleridge*, which are in preparation.

Messrs. S. S. & W. Wood, Pearl street, are preparing for early publication, Carpenter's *Manual of Physiology*; Mayne's *Expository Lexicon*; *Purple on Functional and Organic Diseases of Females*, with colored plates; and Gould Brown's *Grammar of English Grammars* (nearly ready). They have just published new editions of *Cazenave on the Skin* and *Beck's Materia Medica*.

Messrs. GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston, have in preparation parts 6, 7, and 8, the last of "Arvine's Cyclopaedia of Literature and the Fine Arts." Part 5 is just out. When complete, the work will be in one large 8vo. volume, with many engravings, and will embrace a body of amusing and instructive anecdotes of literature, architecture, engravings, music, poetry, painting, and sculpture, and of many celebrated literary characters and artists. Dr. J. O. Choules's little book, "Young America Abroad," recently noticed by us as in preparation, is now published by this house.

MR. R. GARRIGUE, Astor House, has just received for sale late editions of several classical maps, the result of recent German investigations, and very important to the student of Greek and Roman history. Dr. Kiepert's and Dr. Kutschet's have had the supervision of Carl Ritter and Humboldt.

Messrs. DUNIGAN & BROTHER publish this week a superb edition of the "Ursuline Manual," and a standard gift book, in "The Catholic Offering," edited by the Right Rev. Bishop Walsh. Both reflect great credit on the publishers, and show money and taste well bestowed. The engravings are from steel, in fine line, and copies of Overbecks, Steintes, Vandykes, &c. Several of Mr. Mapleson's illuminations adorn the preface to the printed matter, and his designs for the binding perfect the finish. Messrs. Dunigan's other publications of to-day are, *The Child's Catholic Piety*, a 48mo., with illustrative wood cuts; *Outlines of Universal History, ancient and modern*, for the young, by P. C. Grace, second edition; and *Books First and Second of a Catholic series*, being, of course, a primer and speller, and a reader.

AMERICAN CATALOGUE OF BOOKS.—It will be seen by an advertisement in our columns of this week, "To Booksellers and Publishers," that Mr. Roorbach is about to issue a new and revised edition of "The Bibliotheca Americana." The publisher who knows the advantage of having his publications inserted in a work that reaches almost every bookseller in the United States, and circulates to some considerable extent abroad, will doubtless be prompt to give the required information. The call is also to "American Authors," whom we would respectfully recommend to facilitate the establishing a perfect permanent list of their productions, including all and the latest editions.

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